





A Stanhope (P.D.) 4th of Chesterfield

WIT A-L-A-MODE;
O R,
Lord Chesterfield's
WITTICISMS:

BEING
THE GRAND PANTHEON
O F
TASTE, SENTIMENT, AND GENIUS.

TASTE CONTAINING

An original and brilliant Assemblage of his
Lordship's
LORDSHIP'S

Genuine BON MOTS,	Shrewd SAYINGS,
Poignant REPORTEES,	Facetious ANECDOTES,
Striking REMARKS,	Lively FLIGHTS, &c. &c.

IN WHICH
The real Dispositions and Manners of many of the
most distinguished Persons in the Circles of Genius
and Politeneſs are humorouſly diſplayed.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

EPIGRAMS,	RIDDLES,
EPITAPHS,	REBUSES,
SONGS,	STORIES,
CONUNDRUMS,	JESTS, &c. &c.

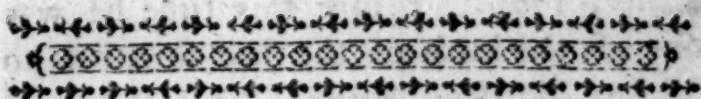
And authentic Memoirs of his LORDSHIP.
The whole forming the moſt compleat Fund of Wit
and Humour extant.

L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXXVIII.





THE
MEMOIRS
OF
LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Phil
PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, late Earl of Chesterfield, was born Sept. 22. 1695; a period the most friendly to liberty and genius, of any in the annals of England.

Fame has not told us what presages his Lordship's infancy gave of those virtues and talents for which he was afterwards so remarkable; but we know, that he was distinguished very early in youth, by his wit and accomplishments.

He was elected member for the Burgh of St. Germans, last parl. of Q. Anne; and afterwards for Lestwithiel, which he continued to represent till the death of his

father, 1726. Before this time he was one of the lords of the bed-chamber to his late Majesty George II. then Prince of Wales; and, in 1727, when that Prince ascended the throne, he was admitted into the privy council. He was appointed ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General, 1728; where he distinguished himself by his abilities and integrity of conduct. On his return to England he was chosen knight of the garter, and next appointed steward of his Majesty's household. He had hitherto supported the measures of the court, without sufficiently considering how far they were equitable; but henceforth he acted the part of an intelligent, upright, and independent citizen of a free kingdom. Swayed only by the dictates of his head, he was always ready to espouse good measures, and to oppose bad ones; unseduced by party, and unawed by power.

Jan. 1745, he was appointed Lord-lieutenant of Ireland; and, on his Majesty's going abroad, same year, was declared one of his Lord-justices for the administration of the government in his absence; but his Lordship's presence being wanted in Ireland, he set out for his viceroys ship,
and

and landed at Dublin in the month of August, where he was received with the loudest acclamations of joy; and continued every day to increase in esteem, till he attained that extraordinary character, which is still worshipped by the inhabitants of that island, and which has never, perhaps, been equalled by any Irish viceroy. April 1746, his Lordship returned to England, and November following was sworn one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state; which office he exercised with equal ability and integrity, till Feb. 4 1748, when he chose to resign.

He had no children by his Lady, who was a natural daughter of King George I. but he had a son (by Madam de Bouchet, a French Lady), whose education, and settlement in life, ingrossed his whole attention, and to whom he wrote the Letters lately published. As he could not leave his estate to this promising youth, he therefore endeavoured to raise him a fortune by prudent œconomy, and replenish his mind with the fruits of that experience which he had gleaned in the world. Young Stanhope, however, did not live to be much benefited by his father's instructions or frugality.

From the death of his son, he was almost intirely denied to the world, seldom appearing in public, and associating only with a few friends. This melancholy humour was much increased by the total loss of his hearing, which happened a considerable time before his death; his health had been likewise long declining; and this great man paid the debt of nature on the 25th of March 1772, in the 78th year of his age, lamented by his friends, but as little noticed by the world as if such a man had never lived. Not a Muse wept over his urn, though many had distilled their incense in his ear, and many had fed at his board. So true it is, that, if we forget the world, we shall be forgotten by it, however great our merits.



LORD CHESTERFIELD'S

WITTICISMS.

LORD Chesterfield is not more intitled to fame as a man of wit himself, than as a generous encourager of it in others.—Several years ago, as the prisoners in Newgate, who had undergone the sentence of transportation, and were marching along the street, in order to be put on board of ship, they happened to have colours flying, fifes playing, with a number of other insignia of mirth and jollity.—“Bless me,” exclaimed one gentleman to another, as they passed by, “How happy these fellows are!”—“Happy, master!” returned one of the convicts, “if you’d come along with us, you’d be quite *transported*.”—His lordship, on hearing this ingenious pun repeated, immediately informed himself of the culprit’s offence; and finding it to be a trivial one, he procured a free pardon for him before the vessel he had been embarked in left the river.

Lord Chesterfield was asked at court, one day, what he thought of Lady C—v—ry, whose complexion was evidently of her own manufactory,—“Really,” replied his lordship, “I am no connoisseur in painting.”

Lord Chesterfield being asked at St. James's, whether a certain lady, who painted much, came to court, replied, "No one has seen her *face* here these ten years."

A certain gambling peer married a lady of easy virtue. Lord Chesterfield being asked his opinion of the alliance, said—"It is no wonder *brimstone* and *cards* should make matches."

Soon after the Duke of Bedford had met with very rough treatment at Litchfield races, admiral Hawke gained a considerable victory over the French; and in his letter to the admiralty, he expressed himself, "that he had given the French a hearty *drubbing*," which lord Chesterfield reading to the King, he asked, "What the adventurer meant by *drubbing*?" To which the witty earl replied, "he recommended it to his Majesty to enquire of the Duke of B——d, as he could give him a very ample definition of it."

Lord Chesterfield, when he heard Lord G——r had recovered ten thousand pounds damages, said, *Fenum habit in cornu*; from which hint we may stile the cuckold's horn a *Cornu Copia* for the future.

When his lordship on his death-bed was told that his sister lady S——, was married to Mr. M——, of the guards, he replied—" 'Tis a convenient match; she has married for a CLOAK and the captain for a COAT."

A few hours before his Lordship died, they repeated to him a quarrel which had been between Miss Pelham and Mrs. Fitzroy, in regard to the reputation of Mr. Frere, late master of the Thatched.

Thatched-House in St. James's-street ; and words rising very high, Mrs. Fitzroy gave Miss Pelham a slap upon the cheek. " Ay," says his lordship, " I am not surprized at that ;—*I always thought Mrs. Fitzroy was a striking beauty.*"

When he was given to understand that he would die by inches, he replied with a smile, " If that is the case, *I am happy that I am not so tall as Sir Thomas Robinson.*"

A few days before his Lordship's death, as that nobleman was taking an airing in Hyde-park, in an old coach and six black horses, a nobleman went to the side of his carriage, and inquired his health.—" I am but very indifferent," cried he, " and as I shall live but a few days longer,—*I am now rehearsing my own funeral.*"

A long reach and a little conscience, said the earl of Chesterfield, are as necessary qualifications for a *minister of state*, as a long hand and little fingers are for a *man midwife*.

" A writer," it was wittily remarked by the earl of Chesterfield, " with a weak head, and a corrupt heart, is like a hireling jade, *dull and yet vicious.*"

A beggar asking Lord Chesterfield for charity, he gave him, through absence of mind or mistake, for a less valuable piece, a guinea. The poor fellow, on perceiving it, hobbled after him, and told him of it ; upon which his lordship returned it to him, with another guinea, as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming, " My God ! what a lodging Virtue has taken up with thee !"

The late King, who was particularly fond of

he earl of Chesterfield, could not help, however, now and then sparring with him! He brought his majesty a patent that was to be filled up, and had been recommended from the Duke of Newcastle, for a certain candidate, who had great borough interest. The king had, in some degree, promised it to the countess of Yarmouth, for one of her creatures. His lordship expostulated, and endeavoured to shew the ill effects of giving it to any other than the Duke's friend. When the king cried in a pet, "Give it to the devil if you will." Upon this, his lordship immediately filled up the blank with the devil, and then read, "George II. by the grace of God, &c. to his trusty and well-beloved friend *the devil*, greeting"—This put the King into such good humour that he readily consented the borough-monger should be provided for.

Lord Chesterfield, happening to spend an evening with a young gentleman, of family and fortune, who had just come of age, the latter, as a specimen of his *wit* and *good sense*, begged leave to toast the D——l. "With all my heart," replied his Lordship,—“I have no objection, Sir, to any of your *friends*.”

The earl of Chesterfield, some time before his death, being asked how he did, replied, “I am like a wash-ball, always in decay.”

The daughter of a haberdasher, who had gone to Bath to drink the waters, being offered some indecency by a gentleman, spit plump into his mouth: Lord Chesterfield being told of it, said,
that

that he never knew a *nasty trick* done in so *clean* a manner

A lady who had greatly injured her eyes by the use of paint, meeting lord Chesterfield, whom she had not seen a long time, accosted him in the Irish phrase, "Bless me, my lord, the sight of you is good for sore eyes."—"I am glad of it," said he, "as I may be of some use to your ladyship."

During the earl of Chesterfield's lord-lieutenancy of Ireland, many commotions happened. One morning, while the earl was yet in bed, one of his attendants came into his apartment with great haste, crying out, That all was up in Dublin.—"Up," returned his excellency—pray, "what is it o'clock?" "Past ten."—Nay then," replied the earl, "it is time that I were up too."

Dryden's translation of Virgil being commended by a right reverend bishop, lord Chesterfield smartly replied, "The original is, indeed, excellent, but every thing suffers by a translation, except a *Bishop*."

Lord Chesterfield chanced one day to be at the prime minister's levee when Garnet upon Job, a book dedicated to the duke of N—e, happened to lie in the window. Before his grace made his appearance, his lordship had time enough to amuse himself with the book, and when the duke entered, he found him reading in it: *Well, my lord*, said his Grace, *What is your opinion of that book? In any other place I should not think much of it*, replied his lordship: but

here in your Grace's levee, I think it one of the best books in the world.

A Curate in Cumberland, after the notice for the General Fast, gave the following exhortation to his parishioners, which was duly observed, and a *good* congregation. "As Friday first is appointed for the solemn fast and humiliation, to offer up our prayers, praises, and thanksgivings to Almighty God for assistance in subduing our rebellious insurgent brethren in America, I thought necessary to desire all my parishioners, and its environs, to come and attend divine service upon that day, in order that they may not only humble themselves before the supreme Director of our being, but also shew the loyalty they bear to our most gracious sovereign King George, and his righteous laws, the which will establish their memoria's to posterity, by being transmitted to succeeding generations in ecstasies of praise, and shewing their frankness in endeavouring to support his Majesty's arms by sea and by land, to *overpower* those belligerant heroes in America.—And all who neglect to come to this Fast, will be deemed *rebels*, and punished according to the *discretion* of the Legislature."

It is observed that persons of a facetious temper often break their jests, even when they are in very distressful circumstances. Ratcliffe, who was beheaded after the last rebellion, was condemned for the part he bore in that of the year 1745. Being brought to the bar, to receive sentence of death, with another prisoner a fat man,

man, with a very prominent belly, and the judge asking the usual question of this other prisoner, "Plead your belly," said Ratcliffe, "plead your belly."

One night when the comedy of *All in the Wrong* was performed, a farmer passing by Drury-Lane Theatre with his son, about five o'clock, was tempted to treat him with a play; but when he had read the bill, he cried, "*All in the Wrong*!—No, no—I shan't spend my money like a fool neither; I can see *All in the Wrong* at home every day for nothing."

A person bought a pair of horns, and brought them home; his wife asked him what he meant; He said to hang his hat on, "Good Lord," says she, "can't you keep your hat on your own head."

Two persons riding down a great hill together, one said, it was dangerous riding down. No, says the other, I will not alight; for I have but one pair of shoes, and I shall spoil them. Says the other, and I have but one neck, and I fear I shall spoil that, and therefore I will alight.

There were three brothers named Buck, and having venison, made three pasties; and one of those that were invited was named Cook, and thinking to play upon the brothers, said, "Here is Buck, Buck, Buck." "True," says one of the brothers, "but what says the proverb? God sends meat, and the devil sends Cooks."

A gentleman riding near the forest Whichwood, in Oxfordshire, asked a fellow what that wood was called. He said, Whichwood, Sir.
Why,

Why, that wood. Whichwood, Sir. Why, that wood, I tell thee. He still said, Whichwood. I think, says the gentleman, the man is Wood. "Yes," says he, "I believe one of us is so, but I can tell Which."

One of the last times the late Earl of Chesterfield appeared at court, two ladies, rather of the demi-rep order, came up to him. So, my lord, said one of them, now I suppose we shall hear of our faults. "Indeed you mistake, madam," replied the Earl, with his wonted vivacity, and frankness, "I never chuse to talk of what the whole town talks of already."

There was a short time when Mr. Handel, notwithstanding his merit, was deserted, and his Opera at the Haymarket neglected almost by every body but his M—y, for that of Porpora, at Lincoln's-Inn Fields; at this time, another nobleman asking the Earl of Chesterfield if he would go one night to the Opera? My Lord asked, Which? Oh, to that in the Haymarket, answered the other; No, my Lord, said the Earl, I have no occasion for a private audience of his M—y to-night.

A confident thief being arraigned before a judge for felony, after the indictment was read, Now, firrah, says the judge. what say you to this? Say to it, my Lord, said the thief, I say it is very dirty business; and if I might advise your Lordship, I'd wish you not to meddle in't; for I am sure if you do, I shall get no good by it, nor your Lordship either; for I shall go near to bind thee over to the peace; For what, says the judge?

judge? For making me stand in fear of my life, said the thief. Well, said the judge, all this won't save you; for if you bent hang'd, I'll be hang'd for you. I thank your Lordship, said the thief, and I hope you wont be out of the way; for I'm sure I shall have occasion for you before a fortnight goes over my head. Sirrah, reply'd the judge, you're an impudent rogue. "Not such a rogue as your Lordship—takes me to be."

Voltaire, it is said, having lampooned a nobleman, was cened by him for his licentious wit; when, on applying to the Duke of Orleans, then Regent, and begging him to do him justice, the Duke replied, with a smile, "Sir, it has been done already."

On a terrible windy day, a Doctor went to Billingsgate, and called for a boat to go to Greenwich; when the waterman came to the Doctor, he asked him if he could go safe by water to Greenwich? Yes, Doctor, quoth the waterman, you may. You rogue, said the Doctor, you watermen are such unconscionable rascals, that if you can get but sixpence, you don't care if you cast a man away. "Sir, we watermen are persons of better consciences than you Doctors are; for you will not cast a man away under forty, fifty, or threescore pounds."

Villers, the witty and extravagant Duke of Buckingham, was saying one day to Lord Rochester, in a melancholy humour, I am afraid, my Lord, I shall *die* a beggar at last, which is the most terrible thing in the world. Upon my word,

word, reply'd his Lordship, there is another thing more terrible, we have both reason to apprehend, and that is, " That your Grace, and I too, shall *live* beggars, unless we retrench our expences.

A Braggadocio, in company with Mr. Charles B——, bragged that he had demolished five hundred men with his own hand. Sir, says Charles, I have killed in my time, let me see—five at Madrid ; ten at Lisbon ; twenty at Paris ; thirty at Vienna ; and double the number at the Hague ; but at length coming over from Calais to Dover, I had scarce disembarked, before a desperate son of a bitch of an Irishman killed me. Killed you, says the Officer ! damn you what do you mean by that ? " Sir," replies Charles, " I believed your lie, and I expect you should believe mine."

A very modest young Gentleman, of the county of Tipperary, having attempted many ways in vain to acquire the affections of a lady of great fortune, at last was resolved to try what could be done by the help of music ; and therefore entertained her with a serenade under the window at mid-night ; but she ordered her servants to drive him thence, by throwing stones at him ; " Oh ! my friend," said one of his companions, " your music is as powerful as that of Orpheus, for it draws the very stones about you "

An Irish lawyer of the Temple had a client of his own country, who was a sailor, and having been at sea for some time, his wife was married
again

again in his absence, so he was resolved to prosecute her; and coming to advise with the counsellor, told him, he must have witnesses to prove that he was alive when his wife married again. Arrah, but by my shoul, that shall be impossible, said the other; for my ship-mates are all gone to sea again upon a long voyage, and shan't return this twelve-month. "Oh! then," answered the counsellor, "there can be nothing done in it; and what a pity it is such a brave cause should be lost now, only because you cannot prove yourself to be alive."

Gahogan, who was carried to Tyburn, in order for execution last summer, received a reprieve just as he came to the gallows, and was carried back by a Sheriff's officer, who told him, He was a happy fellow, and asked him, if he knew nothing of the reprieve before-hand? "No, replied the fellow, nor thought any more of it than I did of my dying day."

Two very honest *gentlemen*, who dealt in brooms, meeting one day in the street, one asked the other, How the devil he could afford to undersell him every where as he did, when he stole the stuff and made the brooms himself? "Why, you silly dog, answered the other, I steal them ready made."

A beggar asking alms under the name of a poor scholar, a gentleman to whom he applied himself asked him a question in Latin. The fellow shaking his head, said, He did not understand him: Why, said the gentleman, did not you say you were a poor scholar? "Yes, replied the

the other, a very poor one indeed, Sir, for I do not understand one word of Latin ”

A Lady's age happening to be questioned, she affirmed she was but *forty*, and called upon a gentleman, who was in company, for his opinion : Cousin, said she, do you believe I am in the right, when I say I am but *forty* ? “ I am sure, Madam, replied he, I ought not to dispute it ; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these *ten years*.”

It being proved on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really *Inch*, who pretended it was *Linch*, “ I see, said the judge, the old proverb is verified in this man, who being allowed an *Inch* has taken an *L*.”

As a country fellow was selling his load of hay in the Haymarket some time ago, two gentlemen, who came out of the Blue Posts, were talking of public affairs ; one said, That things did not go on right, the king had been at the house, and already prorogued the parliament. The countryman coming home, was asked, What news in London ? “ Odd's heart, said he, there's something to do there ; the King has, it seems, berogued the parliament already.”

It was an usual saying of King Charles II. That sailors got their money like horses, and spent it like asses. The following story is somewhat an instance of it : One sailor coming to see another on pay-day, desired to borrow twenty shillings of him. The monied man fell to telling out the sum in shillings, but a half-crown thrusting its head in, put him out, and he began

to tell again; but then an impertinent crown-piece was as officious as his half brother had been, and again interrupted the tale; so that taking up a handful of silver, he cried, "Here, Jack, give me a handful when your ship's paid, what a pox signifies counting it?"

A Gentleman coming to an inn in Smithfield, and seeing the hostler expert and tractable about the horses, asked how long he had lived there, and what countryman he was? "I'se Yerkshire, said the fellow, an ha' lived sixteen years here." "I wonder," replied the gentleman, that in so long a time, so clever a fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be master of the inn yourself. Ay, answered the ostler, but master's Yerkshire too.

It is certainly the most transcendent pleasure to be agreeably surprized with the confession of love, from an adored mistress. A young Gentleman, after a very great misfortune, came to his mistress, and told her, he was reduced even to the want of five guineas. To which she replied, I am glad of it, with all my heart. Are you so, madam? adds he, suspecting her constancy; Pray, why so? "Because," said she, I can furnish you with five thousand."

Alphonso, King of Naples, sent a Moor, who had been his captive a long time, to Barbary with a considerable sum of money to purchase horses, and return by such a time. There was about the King a buffoon, or jester, who had a table-book, wherein he used to register any remarkable absurdity that happened at court. The day
the

the Moor was dispatched to Barbary, the said jester waiting on the King at supper, the King called for his table-book ; in which the jester kept a regular account of absurdities. The King took the book and read, How Alphonso King of Naples had sent Beltram the Moor, who had been a long time his prisoner, to Morocco, his own country, with so many thousand crowns to buy horses. The King turned to the jester, and asked, why he inserted that ? because, said he, I think he will never come back to be a prisoner again ; and so you have lost both man and money ; But if he does come, says the King, then your jest is marred : “ No, Sir, replies the buffoon, for if he should return, I will blot out your name, and put in his for a fool.”

A sharper of the town seeing a country gentleman sit alone at an inn, and thinking something might be made of him, he went and sat near him, and took the liberty to drink to him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a paper of tobacco, and said, Do you smoke, Sir ? “ Yes, says the gentleman very gravely, any one that has a design upon me.”

A country squire being in company with his mistress, and wanting his servant, cried out, Where is this blockhead ? “ Upon your shoulder ” said the lady.

Sir Richard Steele, when put up for the borough of Wendover in Bucks, made an entertainment, and invited every married elector, with his wife, to be present at it. He soon made them very merry ; and in the height of their jollity, addressed

addressed himself to the women, saying: "Ladies, I hope there is none here but wishes herself the mother of a man-child: as an encouragement to use your best endeavours, I promise each of you twenty guineas for every male you shall bring into the world within these ten months; and forty, provided you bring twins." This produced what he hoped it would, much love and laughter; it gained upon the affections of the wives, and the wives got the voices of the husbands; so that Sir Richard gained his election, against a powerful opposition, by a majority.

A Gentleman, who had long danced attendance after the Ministry in hopes of preferment, being one day, as usual, at the Duke of Newcastle's levee, and happening to cast his eyes up to the cieling, observed to his fellow-solicitors how properly that room was decorated. The Gentlemen present said, they could see no great ornament about it. I did not say there was (said he.) but I admire the *propriety* of what there is: for both top and bottom is full of *fret-work*.

Lady V—— being asleep in her closet, with *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* before her, her Lord happened to step in, and looking over the book without waking her, took the liberty to change it for *The Practice of Piety*, and so left her. When she awaked, she presently perceived the trick, and his Lordship entering while the book was yet in her hand, he took occasion to compliment her on her Ladyship's reformation. Nay, nay, answered my Lady, let our reformation go hand in hand, I beseech you—when you,
my

my Lord, practice the *Whole Duty of Man*, then I'll read the *Practice of Piety*.

The Prince of Conde, coming to congratulate his master, Lewis XIV. on the battle of Senef, in which his Highness had command, and gained great honour; the King stood on the top of the stairs to receive him. The Prince, being lame of the gout, mounted very slowly, and, stopping mid-way, begged his Majesty's pardon, if he made him wait. Cousin, said the King, do not hurry yourself; a person loaded with laurels, as you are, cannot move very swiftly.

The late Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests; Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies; Voltaire accosted him, "My Lord, I know you are a judge, which are more beautiful, the English or the French ladies?" — "Upon my word," replied his Lordship, with his usual presence of mind, "I am no connoisseur of paintings." Some time after this, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's rout with Lord Chesterfield; a lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation; Chesterfield came up, tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Sir, take care you are not captivated." "My Lord," replied the French wit, "I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours."

Lord Chesterfield going into Ranelagh one evening, met with Sir Thomas Robinson, who spoke very bad French. The knight accosted his

his Lordship with great glee, and informed him, that he had been honoured with a very long conversation with the French ambassador. "I heard of it," replied his Lordship, "and I am extremely sorry for it." "Sorry, my Lord! Why how?" exclaims the knight. "I am very sorry, I say, Sir Thomas, to find that so much bad language passed between you."

Miss Chudleigh meeting Lord Chesterfield in the rooms at Bath, said, "Do you know, my Lord, what the scandalous world says of me? That I have had two children!" "No, no," replies my Lord, "my dear lady, I make it an invariable rule, never to believe above half what the world says."

An anecdote is related of Lord Chesterfield, which proves he was conscious of his own weakness with respect to gaming. The well-known Charles Jones (who was afterwards master of the ceremonies at Tunbridge, and who is said to have borrowed ten thousand pounds in half crowns) meeting his lordship in the walks, at Bath, addressed him in his usual style for the loan of a guinea. Lord Chesterfield had too much generosity to refuse any one he had ever spoke to, such a trifle. In a few minutes his lordship went into the billiard-room, and here he found Charles. Being desirous of playing a game, he asked the marker to give him a lesson, when Charles modestly offered to amuse his patron. "You know, Charles, I do not like playing for nothing, if I play with a gentleman." By this time some of the group of adventurers had assembled, when
Charn

Charles pulling out the guinea he had just borrowed, and throwing it into one of the nets, said, "Well, my Lord, I'll play with you for a guinea." His lordship did not choose to expose him, and answered the bett. Charles was a superior player, and won several games. The black-legs seeing so good a thing going on, were desirous of sharing the spoils, and offered several betts, some of which his lordship took. Charles (who possessed a negative kind of gratitude, or rather being influenced by self-interest, and desirous of winning all that could be got) now threw down his stick, saying that he would not let his lordship lose his money in that manner, as he had the best of the match. Upon which his lordship very coolly replied, "These gentlemen do me the honour to accompany me where ever I go, and the least I can do is to support my attendants."

His lordship had for a considerable time a standing piquet match at the rooms with the baron Nieuman, who at that period dressed very pompously; when a nobleman of his lordship's acquaintance hinted, that the baron had, in many respects, the advantage. "Let him have his pulls," said his lordship, "I have my pulls too: pull baker, pull devil; the baron's always good for fifty, he will at any time burn for that!"

His lordship being asked if he thought Moore's machines could go without horses, replied—"None but asses will believe it."

Two city Ladies meeting at a visit, one a grocer's wife, and the other a cheesemonger's, when they had risen up, and taken their leave, the cheesemonger's wife advanced to go out first; but the grocer's lady, with great indignation, pulled her back by the tail of her gown, and stepping before her, said,—Hold, Madam, nothing comes after cheese.

When the famous Fontenelle was near an hundred years old, to which vast age he lived with a surprising degree of health and vivacity, meeting one day the Dutchess of Grammont, a celebrated beauty, in one of the apartments at Versailles; who said something very obliging to him; Ah, Madam, cried the old man, catching her rapturously by the hand, Would to Heaven I was but fourscore for your sake!

King Charles the Second one day said in a passion to Lord Shaftesbury; Shaftesbury, you are the greatest rogue in England; to which my Lord Shaftesbury replied, bowing, Of a subject, Sir, I believe I am.

A Scotchwoman, whose name was Margaret, did nothing but swear and abuse, instead of answering the Minister: Ah, Margaret, says he, donna ye ken where a' the sinfu' gang? De'el tak them that kens, as weel as them that speers, cries she. Ah, Margaret, they gang where there be wailing and gnashing of teeth; By my trowth then, says Margaret, let them gnash that hae them, for deel a stump have I had these twenty years.

A traveller, relating some of his adventures,

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told

told the company, that he and his servant had made fifty wild Arabians run; which startling them, he observed that there was no great matter in it; for, says he, we ran, and they ran after us.

The Duke of C——, in the course of his juvenile forlicks, laid violent siege to the heart of a married lady, who being resolved to suffer no longer his addresses, dismissed him, with this modest yet spirited reply, Whilst I was a child, I obeyed my mother; when I was grown up, I obeyed my father; and now that I am married, I obey my husband; so that if you desire any thing of me, your Highness must get his consent.

A young girl of the city of Chester was playing at What is it like? in a company where was present an old lady of venerable character, named Boucher: she likened the thing thought on to Mrs Boucher's stick, because it is the support of virtue.

Once, when William Pen, the celebrated Quaker, waited on King Charles II. the King, as a gentle rebuke, pulled off his hat. Friend Charles, said Pen, Why dost not thou keep on thy hat? Friend Pen, replied the King, it is the custom of this place for no more than one person to be ever covered at a time.

A Roman Catholic asked a Protestant, where his religion was before the time of Luther. Did you not wash your face this morning? replied the Protestant. Yes, answered the other. Then where was your face, said the Protestant, before it was washed?

A gentleman, going to take water at Somerset Stairs, cried out, as he came near the place, Who can swim? I, master, said forty bawling mouths; when the gentleman observing one sinking away, called after him; but the fellow turning about said, Sir, I cannot swim. Then you are my man, said the gentleman, for you will at least take care of me for your own sake.

A young student, shewing the Musæum at Oxon to a set of gentlemen and ladies, among other things produced a rusty sword; This, said he, gentlemen, is the sword with which Balaam was going to kill his ass. Upon which one of the company replied, that he thought Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. You are right, said the student, and this is the very sword he wished for.

An Irish fellow, vaunting of his birth and family, affirmed, That when he came first to England, he made such a figure, that the bells rang through all the towns he passed to London: Ay, said a gentleman in company, I suppose that was because you came up in a waggon with a bell-team.

A gentleman having received some abuse, in passing through one of the inns of Chancery, from some of the impudent clerks, he was advised to complain to the Principal, which he did accordingly; and coming before him, accosted him in the following manner; I have been grossly abused here by some of the rascals of this house, and understanding you are the principal, I am come to acquaint you with it.

A young curate, with more pertness than wit or learning, being asked in company, How he came to take it into his head to enter into the ministry of the church? Because, said he, the Lord had need of me. That may be, replied a gentleman present, for I have often read that the Lord had once need of an ass.

At a certain village not above 500 miles from London, there lived a very inquisitive Clergyman, who, whenever a stranger arrived at the principal Inn, was always curious to know his name, trade, and place of abode, with a thousand other impertinent questions: a traveller undertook, for a wager, to cure him of his curiosity, and which effectually answered his purpose. Upon his alighting at the inn, the parson, according to custom, came and began to ask him where he lived; to which the stranger replied, he lived in Paradise. This raised the parson's curiosity to know what part of the world Paradise was in; to which the traveller answered, it was 20 miles from a Lord, 20 miles from a Lawyer, and 20 miles from a d—m—d impertinent parson, such as you are.

A very ignorant, but very foppish young fellow, going into a bookseller's shop with a relation, who went thither to buy something he wanted, seeing his cousin look into a particular book, and smile, asked him, What there was in that book that made him smile? Why, answered the other, this book is dedicated to you, cousin Jack: Is it so? said he, pray let me see it, for I never knew before that I had such honour done me: Upon which,

which, taking it into his hands, he found it to be Perkin's catechism, dedicated to all ignorant people.

An old fellow having a great itch after his neighbour's wife, employed her chamber-maid in the business. At the next meeting he enquired, what answer the lady had sent him? Answer! said the girl, why she has sent you this for a token: (giving him a smart slap in the face.) Ay, cried the old fellow, rubbing his chops, and you have lost none of it by the way; I thank you.

I will swear, says a gentleman to his mistress, you are very handsome. Phoo, said she, so you would say, though you did not think so. And so you'd think, answered he pertly, though I should not say so.

A gentleman in King Charles the II. time, who had paid a tedious attendance at court for a place, and had a thousand promises, at length resolved to see the King himself; so getting himself introduced, he told his Majesty what pretensions he had to his favour, and boldly asked him for the place just then vacant. The king hearing his story, told him he had just given the place away. Upon which the gentleman made a very low obeisance to the king, and thanked him extremely, which he repeated often. The king observing how over-thankful he was, called him again, and asked the reason, why he gave him such extraordinary thanks, when he had denied his suit? The rather, an't please your Majesty, replied the gentleman; your courtiers have kept me wait-

ing here these two years, and gave me a thousand put-offs ; but your Majesty has saved me all that trouble, and generously given me my answer at once. Cod fish, man, says the king, (it being his usual oath) thou shalt have the place for thy downright honesty.

It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked, Where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy ? resolutely answered, She had hid him. This confession drew her before the king, who told her, nothing but her discovering where her Lord was concealed, could save her from the torture. And will that do, says the lady ? Yes, says the king, I give you my word for it. Then, says she, I have hid him in my heart, where you'll find him ; which surprising answer charmed her enemies.

Two gentlemen standing together, as a young lady passed by them, said one, There goes the handsomest woman I ever saw ; she hearing him, turned back, and seeing him very ugly, said, I wish I could, in return, say as much by you ; So you may, by G—, Madam, said he, and lie as I did.

It was a fine saying of my Lord Russell, who was beheaded in the reign of king Charles II. When on the scaffold, he delivered his watch to Dr. Gilbert Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury ; Here, Sir, said he, take this, it shews time, I am going into eternity, and shall have no longer any need of it.

A countryman seeing a lady in the street in a very odd dress, as he thought, begged her to be
pleased

pleased to tell him what she called it; the lady, a little surprized at the question, called him impertinent fellow. Nay, I hope no offence, madam, cried Hodge, I am a poor countryman, just going out of town, and my wife always expects I should bring her an account of the newest fashion, which occasioned my enquiring what you call this that you wear. It is a sack, said she, in a great pet. "I have heard, replied the countryman, (heartily nettled at her behaviour) of a pig in a poke, but never saw a sow in a sack before."

A young fellow, whose person was very handsome, addressed a wealthy old widow, who, after a little application, consented to have him. Boasting of his success among his comrades, he professed it was not her that he designed to marry, but her money. She had notice of this declaration, and resolved to be even with her pretended lover. Accordingly, on the wedding-day, she dressed as gayly as if she were really going to be made a bride, and hung a purse of gold by her side, of which she made an extraordinary use on the occasion. She gave her hand to the deceiver with a seeming alacrity, and he led her to the ceremony with the appearance of a sincere affection, while he was inwardly exulting with the hope of the rich prize that he was basely betraying into his possession. He went through his part, we may believe, without the least hesitation; but it was quite otherwise with his partner: for, when she was desired to repeat hers after the Minister, she continued some time silent, hold-

ing forth her purse only. The parson pressing her to speak, and demanding the reason of such an odd behaviour, she said,—Sir, the scoundrel who stands here with me, is an impostor, who comes not to espouse me, as he openly avowed, but my fortune. Here is its proxy (pointing to the guineas at her girdle), and he may persuade it to contract with him, if he can, but I will by no means intrude myself into the place of that which is the real object of his pursuit. The villain, who hates my person, would make himself master of my estate, and bring me to ruin: I hope therefore you will justify my conduct in disappointing his vile intention, and exposing him to the shame he deserves.

When Oliver Cromwell first coined his money, an old Cavalier looking upon one side, God with us; on the other, The Commonwealth of England; I see, said he, God and the Commonwealth are on different sides.

The Countess of H—— coming into the dressing-room of her daughter, a young lady about fourteen, while she sat at her toilet, and observing her very busy in setting her person off to the best advantage (herself being in full dress, and richly adorned with jewels) asked the girl, What she would give to be as fine as her mamma? To which the other replied, Not quite so much as your Ladyship would give to be so young as I am.

A gentleman named Ball, being about to purchase a Cornetcy in a regiment of horse, was presented to the Colonel for approbation, who, being

being a Nobleman, declared he did not like the name, and would have no Balls in his regiment: No, nor powder neither, said the gentleman, if your Lordship could help it.

Foot, the player and mimick, on seeing a man who had very thin arms and legs, with a pot belly, said, in his usual sarcastic spirit, he looked like a greyhound that had got the drop-sy.

In a country village, it happened that the Squire's Lady came after her lying-in to be churched. The parson aiming to be complaisant, and thinking plain woman too familiar; instead of saying—O Lord, save this woman; said, O Lord, save this Lady! The Clerk resolving not to be behind-hand with his master, replied, Who putteth her Ladyship's trust in thee.

Governor Johnstone, having by embassy made an alliance with an old Indian Chief, whose infirmities rendered him incapable of coming to a British camp within some miles of his dwelling; the General sent him as a present, a cask of Madeira wine. Some time after, the Governor going to the town belonging to the Chief, asked him, among other things, how he liked the wine he had sent him, and what he thought of it; I think, said the old Indian, it must be a juice extracted from women's tongues and lions hearts, for after I had drank a bottle of it, I could talk for ever, and fight the Devil.

A School-master asking one of his boys, in a sharp wintry morning, what was Latin for cold, the boy hesitated a little: What, sirrah, said he,

can't you tell? Yes, yes, replied the boy, "I have it at my fingers ends."

A certain couple going to Dunmow, in Essex, to claim the flitch of bacon, which is to be given to every married pair who can swear they have had no dispute, nor once repined their bargain in a year and a day; the steward ready to deliver it, asked where they would put it; the husband produced a bag, and told him, In that; That, answered the steward, is not big enough to hold it; So I told my wife, replied the good man; and I believe we have had an hundred words about it. Ay, said the steward, but they were not such as will butter any cabbage to eat with this bacon; and so hangs the flitch up again.

Mrs. Green, a most excellent comedian, and a woman of sheer wit and pleasantry, had lodgings one summer in Chatham, wherein she suspected, even to a degree of detection, that the landlady stole her coals. She was at a loss how to prove her, and to make excuse to quit her house; however, she sent for her up, and began to preface the business thus: "Alas, dear Madam, do you know that I am the most timid creature existing, and with the worst and weakest nerves in the world, and that nothing terrifies me so much as a ghost, and therefore I must leave your apartments, for I am certain they are haunted." "Heavens!" exclaimed the woman, "Madam, what do you mean?" "Why, I'll tell you, Madam, last night, between light and dark, I saw your ghost."

ghost come out of my cellar with an apron full of my fine round coals."

When Dr. Whitefield went last to America, they were overtaken by a prodigious storm; the captain, in reducing the sails, and bringing the ship to a proper situation, was under the necessity of swearing prodigiously at the sailors: these oaths greatly alarmed the pious passengers, who were all at prayers; they therefore petitioned the Doctor to go and intreat the Captain to consider his soul and to cease swearing. The Doctor obeyed their request, and the captain complied. Whitefield then sat still for some time, but not hearing the work go on so briskly as he expected, he went privately upon the deck, and whispered the captain to "swear again."

When the Doctor was preaching in Tottenham-court-road, an enthusiastic, descriptive sermon, comparing the state of man to a ship at sea, a press-gang came into the chapel, and attended to the discourse with much gravity. "Now," says Whitefield, "after your calm and fine weather is over, comes a sudden storm, you are driven on a lee-shore, the billows dash against the rocks, and all is horror and death around; your sails are blown from your yards, your masts go by the board, you let go your anchors, your very anchor of hope, your cables part; alas! alas! what will ye do?" "Do!" says one of the tars, "d—n my eyes, take to the long-boat."

Churchill and Wilkes one day paid a visit to Lord Le Despenser, at West-Wickham, and his lordship shewed them all his curiosities and im-
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provements, from the four different fronts of his house, to his bawdy temple of Venus. After which he carried them to the top of his church, whereon was a large golden ball, that contained four people. When seated, he ordered up some punch, according to the system of religion, as formerly held at Medenham by the holy monks of St. Francis. "Well," says my lord, "what think you of it, Wilkes?" "My lord," replied St. John of Aylesbury, "I am wondering at your lordship's genius and invention, for this is the only church that ever I remember, that at once contained and supported the *globe tavern*."

The Earl of Chesterfield was one day invited to dine with the Spanish ambassador, where he met with the minister of France, and the plenipotentiaries of other states. The dinner was sumptuous and formal. After the meal was over the Spaniard proposed a toast, and begged to give his king under the title of the Sun; the French ambassador then gave his, under the description of the Moon. Lord Chesterfield being asked for his, replied, "Your excellencies have taken from me all the greatest luminaries of heaven, and the stars are too small for me to make comparison of my royal master; I therefore beg leave to give your excellencies, Joshua."*

George II. in his passage to Holland, was met with a strong contrary wind, within a few leagues of the coast, which greatly vexed him; upon that he sent for captain Campbell—"When shall

* And the Sun stood still for Joshua in Gideon.

shall I get in, captain? "Upon my word," replied the officer, "It is not to be determined, as the wind is foul." "Well then, send me Lord Anson—When shall I get into port, my Lord?" "Not to-day, I fear." "Begar, dese captains do know nothing; send me de colonel of the guard here.—Colonel, when do I get in?" "Oh, in less than an hour, an' please your Majesty." "Dere," said the king, "I said my colonels do know more dan all my sailors."

In the year 1756, when the kingdom was daily menaced with an invasion from France, everybody's conversation turned on the flat-bottom boats; upon which the king asked Lord Anson, "What be de flat-bottom boats; I do hear and read of nothing else?" Lord Anson therefore brought his Majesty a model of one, which when he saw, he exultingly exclaimed, "By Gar, if dis be de ships of de King of France, my ships shall beat him to de devil."

In the late war, a sailor and two of his shipmates wanted to go from Portsmouth to Peterfield; when one staying behind, desired the other two to proceed on foot while he went and hired a horse. When he came to the livery stables, the hostler brought him out a short-back'd, light galloway, about fourteen hands high. "Zounds," says Jack, "this wont do for me! he is too short in the back." "Oh, Sir," replies the hostler, "he is the better for that." "Damn him, he won't do, I tell you; get me a horse with a longer back, for I have two more to take up at the turnpike."

Churchill

Churchill was much afraid of death, and very superstitious. When he had promised Wilkes to meet him at Bologne, he took it into his head he should die, and therefore bade a formal adieu to his mother and all his friends. Just before he got into the whisky, which was elegantly painted with the tree of liberty, and other patriotic devices, he took a friend by the arm, and walking with him on his common, before his house, at Acton, he suddenly struck his foot against a horse-shoe; he paused, sighed, and said, "This is a bad omen!" Going further, and before he had recovered from the surprise, a raven gave a loud croak, and three times struck at his hat: in astonishment he said, "This would have turned a Roman army." Then mounting his chaise, he added, "I shall never see you again." He died at Bologne, and was afterwards buried at Dover.

When the late John Duke of Argyle was detained at Inverary, in the highlands of Scotland, on his road to London, by most inclement weather, some crows were seated on a tree before his house, to whom his Grace said, "In troth, you're a set of doyl'd bodies, for had I wings like ye, I'd fly to a better country."

When Lord Downe embarked on board the Essex, with Lord Howe and the Duke of York, for an invasion of France, in the bay of St. Cas, he was much disturbed in his sleep by the steerage of the ship. The next morning he addressed himself to the first lieutenant thus: "I always took you sailors to be a set of jolly fellows, *bon vivant* bucks; but never imagined you to drink hard,
more

more especially at sea, till last night, when one most thirsty, unsatisfied fellow, was calling out for port all the night long."

Mr. Garrick paying a visit to Lord Corke, his Lordship recommended Mr. Mossop to him, and expatiated on his abilities; when Mr. Garrick observed, his voice was as loud as a bull. "True," replied his lordship, applying to lady Corke, "did n't I, my lady, always say he roared like a bull?" "But," says Garrick, "does not your lordship think him obstinate?" "Yes, he is obstinate as a mule; did I not, my lady, always say, he is obstinate as a mule?" "Besides, my lord," says Garrick, "he is stiff as a poker." "Yes, damn him, my lady," says my lord, "I always said he was stiff as a poker: but, upon the whole, he is a good player, Mr. Garrick, barring the bull, the mule, and the poker."

Major Labilliere had a pair of colours given him by the Devonshire family in a very early year of his life, and bearing them one day in the field, when the wind was high, he fell with them. The Duchess hearing of this circumstance, rallied the ensign on the occasion, and asked him, what had he done, supposing they had blown away? when the young soldier gallantly replied, "Then I should have followed them, please your Grace."

John Wilkes, Esq; when lord-mayor, told this in the Major's presence, at the anniversary for Middlesex, held at the George in Chiswick, upon the 27th of July, 1775; to which he added, the

the reply was worthy the tongue and spirit of Brutus.

Fleetwood, the manager and patentee of Drury-Lane theatre, borrowed 200 l. of Harry Giffard, which his friends hourly pressed him to get again. One day Paul Whitehead and Victor prevailed on him to go and ask Fleetwood for it while they waited with an agreeable expectation of his success on his return. When he came, they eagerly asked him, "Well, Harry, have you done it?" "Yes," says Giffard, "Well, but how?" "Why he talked so well, and promised so fair, that I have lent him 200 l. more."

When Mr. Forrest fought the French Fleet off Cape Francois, with the captains Langdon and Suckling, the French commodore sent him a card to assure him of his forth-coming. So when he appeared with a squadron two to one, Forrest made a signal to speak to his two captains; asking their opinions, and informing them, that he had come out on purpose to fight them—what say ye to it, gentlemen? "Why, Sir," says Suckling, "I think it would be a pity to disappoint him, since he is come on purpose." The consequence was, a severe action, in which the French were beaten; and the fight being on a banyan day, one of Suckling's sailors observed, as the French were stealing away, "D—n my eyes, how we had beat 'em if it had been beef-day."

When Lieutenant Obrien, (who was afterwards called sky rocket Jack) was blown up at Spithead, in the Edgar, he was saved on the carriage

riage of a gun, and when brought to the Admiral, all black and wet, he said, with pleasantry, "I hope, Sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I came out of the ship in so great a hurry, that I had not time to shift myself."

When Admiral Stevens commanded in the East Indies, he was blown off the coast in a hurricane, when the ship leaked so, they despaired of saving her; upon that, he ordered the colours to be hoisted. "Oh, Sir," says one of the lieutenants, "its in vain to display them, we cannot get any assistance." "I know it," says the Admiral, "but she shall sink like a king's ship, with her colours flying." The storm abated, and they got into port.

The Duke of Cumberland dining with Foote, asked him, what the devil Wilkes and Sawbridge meant to do by the political uproar they were making? "Do!" answered Foote, "they mean to put your brother into the Dover coach, and your mother into the basket, and send them both to France."

A gentleman of a very whimsical disposition, and who was an utter enemy to punning and punsters, was so tormented by his friends, that he left England in a pet, and went to France to avoid low wit. He stayed there three years, and the memory of the offence being quite obliterated, he returned to Dover, when landing from the packet, he met an old friend who had often *pun-ished* him severely; mutually happy to acknowledge each other, he asked the traveller where he came from? "I am just returning from

from the banks of the Rhine." To which the other answered, " Rhine!—rind of bacon or rind of cheese?" The friend hurt at this new persecution, returned into the packet, and passed to France again.

An American gentleman landed in Scotland from New-York, and as he was travelling with his servant, a native of Maryland, the fellow suddenly exclaimed, " Master, this is the finest cleared country I ever saw; there is not a tree in it."

Lord Sandwich was one day at Huntington races, when a horse by the name of Satan ran for the plate. Lord Sandwich coming up to a gentleman, said, " Sir, my eyes are not very good, which horse is first? I have bet on Satan." "Aye," replied the other, " you are on the right side; the devil is always a friend to your Lordship."

A gentleman who had an utter aversion to a pun, met with a friend who knew his dislike; " Pray," says he, " do you know why Hammer-smith is the best place to make pickled cucumbers?" " No——how should I?" " I'll tell you: is it not the way to *Turn 'em green?*"

Villaudri, a French officer, in the times of the civil wars of France, and who served under the famous Duke of Guise, was reproached by the Duke, that though he was well armed at all points, he had never made his appearance during the whole time of the battle which they had fought. Villaudri, who had more of Jack Falstaff in him than of Hotspur, thought it best to disarm the Duke's anger by a joke. " I tell your Grace,"

Grace," says he, "I was present at the battle, and at a place where you durst not appear." The Duke was going to reply in a rage, when Villaudri appeased him, by telling him, "I was at the baggage, a place where I am sure your courage would not suffer you to hide yourself."

Prior, the minister and poet, would constantly go, for several years, after having spent the evening with Oxford, Bolingbroke, Pope, Swift, &c. to drink a pot and smoke a pipe with a common soldier and his wife in Long-Acre; and he left these people his fortune of three or four thousand pounds when he died.

Doctor Blackburn (afterwards Archbishop of York) in the early part of his life was an active buccaneer in the West Indies. In one of their cruizes, the first lieutenant, having a dispute with him, told him, that if it was not for his gown, he should treat him in a different manner. "Oh," says Blackburn, "that need be no hindrance, as it is easily thrown off—and now I am your man." Upon this it was agreed, that they should fight on a small island, where the ship lay, and that he who fell should be rolled into the sea, as if walking on the cliff his foot had slipped, and he had tumbled in. The lieutenant fell—Blackburn began rolling him down one or two declivities: but just as they came to the last, the lieutenant came to himself, and cried out, "For God's sake, hold your hand!" "Ah," says his antagonist, "you just spoke in time, for you had but one more leap to the bottom."

At

At the representation of the first part of Henry IV. at the Hay-market, the audience appeared as dissatisfied with Hotspur, as they were delighted with Falstaff;* and indeed the character of the former seemed reversed from the original; a gentleman in the box was observed to be equally attentive and silent, and on the conclusion of the play, or rather on the death of Hotspur, being asked what he thought of Mr Smith, replied, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

A gentleman of the name of Ash, being overtaken by a violent storm of rain, took refuge in an inn, but not before he was quite wet through. On getting into a room, he called to one of the waiters, "Here, fellow, help me off with my coat." "You'll excuse me, Sir," says the waiter, who knew him, "it is contrary to act of Parliament to *strip Ash.*"

In a company where Mr. Macpherson and a certain bookseller happened to be present, the conversation turned upon the infamous translation of Homer, written by the former gentleman. Some of the company having attacked it, the translator defended it as well as he could, and said that it would always keep its place in the world. "Aye, so it will, Mr. Mac," replied the bookseller, "for I had but one copy of it from the beginning, and I'll be damn'd but it has kept its place on my shelf till this very hour, and I suppose will to the last hour of my business."

* Mr. Henderson.

A certain author of this age dressed himself like a gentleman, and went very confidently to pay his addresses to a young lady of family and fortune in F— Street. Her friends having enquired of him who he was, he assured them that he was a gentleman, and that though at present he could not boast much of his actual possessions, he had very great and very flattering prospects in life; for which he referred them to a certain printer. Arrived at the printer's, they enquired whether Mr. Such a-one had any great prospects in life, as he mentioned? "Yes," replied the printer, "he possesses one very fine prospect." What was that? "Oh, Sir," rejoined the printer, "he has a prospect of fifty miles at least from his garret window."

The late Mr. Mossop playing the character of Macbeth, in Dublin, to a very crowded audience, who by repeated plaudits expressed their approbation until the fourth act, when the following whimsical circumstance so far destroyed his feelings, as to be scarce tolerable the remainder of the performance; when he addressed one of the murderers in these words, "There's blood upon thy face;" the tone and countenance with which they were delivered, entirely confounded the poor murderer, who directly exclaimed, "Is there by God!" and pulled out his handkerchief to wipe it off.

Some years ago it happened that Doctor Smollet was in company with about a dozen gentlemen, at the London tavern, both English and Scotch. The conversation turned upon the height
of

of power to which the Scotch had arrived in the Present reign; and by a natural transition upon the abilities of the Scotch. "It appears to me," says an English gentleman, "that the Scotch in general are extremely ingenious, subtle and learned, if we may judge from those of that country among us; for upon my word, I don't know a Scotchman a fool in London. "That may very well be," replied the Doctor, "and yet stand as no proof of their universal character; for you must know, there are two offices of inquisition erected at the southern boundary of Scotland, upon the two great leading roads, where every Scotchman undergoes an examination previous to his entering England. If he is found capable of living among you as Scotchmen have lately lived, he passes: if not, they send him back again." A Scotch gentleman, not overstocked with wit, observed with a serious air, that he had passed over land into England, and saw no such office. "Oh, then, by God," replies the Doctor, "you was smuggled in."

A gentleman dressed in the character of Adam at the masquerade, another asked him, how Cain, his eldest son, came to be so black, when he was naturally so fair? "Sir," says Adam, "don't you know the devil cuckolded me?"

An Irish gentleman having drank very much one evening, complained violently the succeeding morning of thirst, and in a simple exclamation cried, "By Jafus, if I had thought I should have been so dry to-day, but I would have drank more last night."

A gentleman coming booted and spurred into the pit, at the pantomime of Orpheus and Eurydice, stuck a gentleman into the legs, and after begging pardon, asked what the performance was: to which the punster answered, "You rid I see!"

Swift meeting a farmer with a black horse in a halter, said, "Honest man, how can you use your horse so ill, to make him black in the face?" When the farmer replied, "Ah, Maister? had you looked as long through a halter as he has, you would be black in the face too."

When Voltaire was in England, he visited the ingenious Dr. Young, author of the Night-Thoughts, &c. when Voltaire began a severe criticism on Milton and his Paradise-Lost, which Young being unable to bear, he started up in a violent rage, and said,

"You are so ugly, pert and thin,
"You're Milton's Devil, Death and Sin."

A young man was brought some time ago witness in a cause before Lord Mansfield, in which Mr. Dunning was counsel. When the lad had received the oath, he asked his name; "Dick Rigby, Sir," answered the boy. "And pray how do you live, Dick?" "Why I live as you do, Mr. Dunning, by my wits." "By your wits! I am surprised how you can live upon so scanty a provision." "And I am surprised I confess," replies the boy, "to see you so fat."

When

When David Garrick first went over to France, he was seen observing with great attention, some children playing in the streets of Calais, when a gentleman accosted him, "What is it that draws your attention thus, David?" "Why," says Garrick, "I am amazed to hear these little things speak the French language with such fluency."

Those in the least acquainted in the literary world, must have known that Bonnel Thornton was a man of wit and humour, and, like most men possessed of such talents, fond of sitting up late at night, and consequently lying late in bed in the morning: and one of those days that he was recovering his last night's debauch, his aunt called to him, and finding him in bed so late, read him a long lecture on dissipation, which she concluded, by assuring him, such a life would soon shorten his days. "Very true, Madam," says the other, who listened very patiently to her the whole time; "but what is just the same thing, it will lengthen my nights."

On Shakespeare's monument, in Westminster-abbey, is inscribed, *Amor publicus posuit*. Dr Mead objected to the word *amor*, as not occurring in old classical inscriptions: but Mr. Pope, and the other gentlemen concerned, insisting that it should stand, Dr Mead yielded the point, saying, *Omnia vincit amor, & nos cedamus amori*.

When General Prescott was stolen from his bed, lulled in the arms of a provincial beauty, who with a patriot spirit had exerted her arts and charms

charms to seduce the soldier and betray him ; When the General was brought to the boat, the Serjeant took the blanket from his back, and gave him his cloaths, which after the General had put on, he exclaimed, " But, Serjeant, where is my watch ?" To which the Serjeant sarcastically replied, " I believe, General, *you kept no watch.*"

Some time ago, the Rev. Mr. Kelly, curate of the English chapel in the town of Ayr, preached from the well-known and beautiful parable of " the man that fell among thieves." He took occasion to be particularly severe upon the conduct of the priest that saw him, and ministered not unto him, but passed along on the opposite side of the way : in an animated and pathetic pathos, he exclaimed, " What ! Not even the servant of the Almighty ! He whose tongue was engaged in the work of charity, whose bosom was appointed the residence of love, whose heart the emblem of pity, whose soul the brazen serpent of disease, did he refuse to stretch forth his hand, and to pull the mantle from his shoulders, and cover the nakedness of woe ! then, if he refused, if the shepherd went astray, what miracle, if the flock followed ?" Such were the precepts of this teacher ; and we doubt not, but every religious guide would have said the same ; mark, however, the comment upon this text, and let every clergyman consider if he would have impressed with equal force, by example, what he taught by precept. The next day the river was very much swelled ; a boy, in a small boat, was swept overboard by the force of the current, and though

a great concourse of people was assembled on the bank, none of them attempted to save him, when Mr. Kelly from his chamber window, which overhung the river, threw himself, dressed as he was in his canonicals, into the current, and, at the hazard of his own life, saved that of the boy.

Some time ago, a gentleman, and a man of wit, having the misfortune to take up his abode at a spunging-house, like a true philosopher, he endeavoured to make his situation as agreeable as possible ; he therefore one day, out of a whim, sent cards of invitation to all the bailiffs who frequented the house, to come and dine with him. They accordingly came, and being called upon for a toast, gave, " The d—l ride rough-shod over the rascally part of the creation." When every body was going to drink the toast, the gentleman at the bottom of the table cried out, " Stop, gentlemen, every man fill a bumper."—" Oh, there's no occasion for that," says one of the company ; " Yes, but there is," says another, " consider, 'tis a family toast, and ought to be done justice to."

An officer, who was more remarkable for bragging than courage, said, in an assembly of ladies, " I will give any body ten guineas that will shew me a maiden in all this company." A young gentlewoman, who was resolved to avenge the affront offered to her and her companions, said smartly, " Sir, I will shew you one for nothing." " I shall be glad," he replied, " to know her." " Look upon your sword, Captain," replied

ed the lady, "I am sure that it is a maiden, for it never shed blood."

Some time ago, Dean B—, who is a very exemplary and popular clergyman in Dublin, and who interests himself much in public charities, sent a message to Miss Catley, requesting her to give him a night for that purpose in one of the public gardens. Catley, who is generally good natured enough not to refuse any act of charity, (though in the present case she found, from the variety of her engagements she could not comply) pretended to understand him in a different light, and in consequence wrote him the following note, which soon found its way into most of the fashionable assemblies about town :

"Miss Catley presents her compliments to Dean B—, and acquaints him, from the nature of her present connection, she cannot (agreeable to his request) give the Dean a night; she begs leave, at the same time to acquaint him, should this connection be dissolved, she does not know any gentleman of the cloth she would sooner indulge, but hopes that decency will prevent the Dean from fixing on a public garden for the rendezvous."

We hear that Lady B— is very anxious to have all her running horses entered in her name, in preference to her husband's—Being told of the impropriety of it by a female friend, she pettishly replied, "Not at all; why should not I be indulged as well as him; he never enters any thing for me?"

Those in the least acquainted with the private
C 2 character

character of Doctor Goldsmith knew that œconomy and foresight were not among the catalogue of his virtues. In the suite of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged his list as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of scribbling memory, who had served the Doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a *chef-d'œuvre* once for all. He accordingly called on the Doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made. "How so, Jack?" says the Doctor. "Why," says Jack, "the Duchess of Marlborough, you must know, has long had a strange *penchant* for a pair of white mice; now, as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out there, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage, by telling the Doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The Doctor unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the Doctor's watch hanging up in the room, and after promising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, that if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude. The Doctor

tor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him, which Jack immediately took to the pawn-broker's, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the Doctor, till he sent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death-bed, which the other, under such a circumstance, very generously sent him.

When Dr. Johnson made the tour of Scotland, Mr. Boswell took him to the castle-hill at Edinburgh, to shew him the prospect; and while he was expatiating on its beauties, Johnson turned round, and said, "Sir, the best prospect that I behold from this spot is the high road to England."

During Cromwell's protectorship when it was become dangerous for any body to leave the kingdom without his leave, a young nobleman, entirely in the interest of Charles, came to pay his respects, and obtain leave to go to France. The Protector, with his usual solemnity of countenance, said, "Well, let me see you again in three months; but don't see Charles Stuart," (meaning the banished prince.) "I will not, upon my honour," replied the Lord. The nobleman returned before the time of leave expired, and coming to pay his duty, Oliver snatched his hat, the lining of which he tore out, and found several letters and papers directed to the friends of Charles. "Oh, shame!" said he, "is this the way the English nobles keep their honour? Did not you promise me not to see Charles Stuart?"

art?" "I never did," said the nobleman. "Then who put out the candle?" replied Oliver. For the Protector had cunningly contrived to put a spy on the nobleman, who told him the manner of their meeting.

At Covent-garden, a gentleman, who was unhappily situated in one of the side-boxes, behind some ladies with most enormous têtes, was entirely deprived of the pleasure he expected from the performance, as he could not have the least glimpse of it: thoroughly vexed at the disappointment, he begged to know of the lady who sat immediately before him, how she could think of raising her head so immensely, as she must be sensible, the gentleman who should happen to sit behind her could not see the stage. "Oh, Sir!" answered the Lady, "I love to make the gentlemen stand."

A warm friend to the American war, and to the Adelphean conductors of it, was the other morning, at the Antigallican, running out in praise of the prudent conduct of General Howe, who, by thus saving the blood of his men, he said, deserved to be called the immortal General. "Immortal," echoed a gentleman present; "why immortal?" "Oh, dear Sir," says a wag in the corner, "for the best reason in the world; has not he been this long time in the clouds?"

The celebrated Nan Catley, as famous for her humour as for her voice, arriving in town from Ireland, was sent for by Mr. Garrick, to be engaged at his theatre; but Miss Catley asking

ing a most enormous sum, Mr. Garrick hesitated a while, and then said, there was a circumstance to be considered in so great a salary, for that she might not be able to play the whole season, "Why so, Sir?" says Nan. "Why, Madam," replied the manager, "as you are just come from Ireland, you may, perhaps, be with child." "Oh, no," replied the nymph, "there is no danger of that, for they do it there beyond conception."

In the play of the Fair Penitent, Lothario is killed by Altamont in the fourth act. His corpse is supposed to be exhibited in that dismal scene which opens the fifth act of the play, where poor Calista is surrounded by chapless skulls, bones, and every object that can excite repentance, contrition and horror. The supporting the dignity of this character generally falls to one of the lowest class in the theatre. Booth acted Lothario, and his footman Will was his dead representative. This great actor, who was sometimes subject to absence of mind, remembered when he was undressed; that he wanted his servant to attend him home, and called out loudly, "Will! where are you?" Will heard his master's voice, and answered as loudly, "Here, Sir! I am coming;" and marched off with the shroud upon his back, amidst the loudest applauses that were ever heard in the theatre. Even Mrs. Oldfield, who was the Calista, was insensibly drawn into a smile, and the play ended immediately with repeated bursts of laughter.

The celebrated Mr. Quin, who was a great

lover of the John-Dorey, used to go once a-year to Plymouth, to regale himself on that fish, and always frequented the Exeter-Arms, then kept by one Herbert, who never failed to make Quin pay most dearly for his dish ; however, when his guest departed, the host always requested to attend him the first stage, which was complied with ; and when he was about to take his leave, Quin said, " Mr. Herbert, I have been robbed ; what is the road-word, I pray ye ? " To which the landlord waggishly answered, " John Dorey, Sir."

Quin, who had quarrelled with Rich, the patentee of Covent garden theatre, went down in a pet to Bath ; but there cooling upon it, and thinking Rich wanted him, he wrote the following laconic letter :

Sir,

I am at Bath,

John Quin.

Which Rich thus answered :

Sir,

Stay there and be damned.

John Rich.

Lord Lyttleton was complaining with a great degree of petulance, at the regatta, at Ranelagh, on such a great number of people having got in ; " Your complaint is very true," says a gentleman by him, " but does not your Lordship think that there is a greater number taken in ? "

A gentleman asked Mr Johnson his opinion of M^rPherson's poem of *Fingal* : and whether

there

there were *many* in these kingdoms that could produce such another?" "Yes," replied the Doctor, "many men, many women, and many children."

Mr. Churchill, who was remarkable for his generosity, was walking with a friend across Kew-green, when a beggar asked his charity; Churchill gave him a guinea. The friend rebuked him for being so lavish, as he knew he was not possessed of another, when the bard replied, "When I do give any thing, I like to make the human heart leap for joy."

A very ugly, rude, ignorant, disagreeable fellow being in company with some people of an opposite disposition and appearance, and he leaving them abruptly, one with much calmness observed, he was very like Shakespeare! "Shakespeare!" cried the company in amazement! "He, a wretch, like Shakespeare! Pray, Sir, how? explain yourself." "So I will, if you will be less violent: he is thus like Shakespeare, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

A sailor coming across Blackheath one evening, was stopped by a footpad, who demanded his money, when a scuffle ensuing, the tar took the robber, who meeting some people, they persuaded him to bear away with his prize to the justice of peace at Woolwich, which the tar did; and when the magistrate came to examine into the assault, he said, he must take his oath, that he put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit the man. The sailor looking stedfastly at the justice, answered, "He, damn

him, he put me in bodily fear ! No ; nor any that ever yet lived ; therefore, if that is to be the case, you may let him go, for damn me if I swear to such a lie."

When Lord Hume commanded the garrison of Gibraltar, the cruizers of Algiers had carried many English vessels into that port ; expostulations had passed in vain on the part of the English. At length his Excellency sent Mr. Keppel, to inform the Dey, that unless he made immediate restitution of his captures, he would burn the place. " Pray," says the Dey, " what would it cost the English to execute such a plan ? " " Why," says Mr. Keppel, " about 60,000*l.*" " That is a great deal of money," says the Dey ; " then give my compliments, Sir, to the Governor, and to save him a deal of pains and trouble, tell him, for half the money I'll burn the town myself."

The late Captain Patrick Beard, of the navy, a man as celebrated for humour and wit, as for his classic learning, who had experienced a variety of vicissitudes of life, and acted in the capacity of sailor, priest of the Roman church, pilgrim, &c. was commanded to the coast of Guinea, where he visited all the black princes, with presents from the Crown ; among the rest, King Tom, of Anamaboo : but when introduced to his Majesty, he found him seated cross-leg on a throne of mud, surrounded with half naked nobles, with a laced coat on, without shirt or breeches, and a dirty red night-cap on his head. Captain Beard wore a full-powdered wig, and
when

when introduced to the King, his Majesty rose, shook his head, spluttered some strange jargon, and threw the greasy cap in his face; Mr. Beard, a little surprized at the oddity of this salute, after some recollection, spluttered again in a similar jargon, and dashed his great white wig in the black fellow's face. This set them all a-laughing, and made him and King Tom the best friends.

The same officer, in the action of Quiberon-bay, (in which he behaved with most intrepid gallantry) lost his finger, when he humorously walked up and down the deck, saying, "Damn the French rascals, I'll be up with them; tho' they have spoiled me for playing the flute, I have plenty of fingers left to draw a trigger."

During the time of the attack on Sullivan's island, General Lee was one day reconnoitring the communication made by the bridge of boats between that place and the continent. As the balls whistled about in abundance, he observed one of his aid-de-camps, a very young man, shrink every now and then, and by the motion of his body, wished to evade, if possible, the shot. "'Sdeath, Sir," cried Lee, "what do you mean? Do you dodge? Do you know that the King of Prussia lost above a hundred aid-de-camps in one campaign?" "So I understand, Sir," replied the young officer, "but I did not think you could spare so many."

Lady Dinely of Charlton, who had a fine ruby countenance, once charged a female servant with stealing some of her jewels. Foote, who

happened to be present, said, " I believe the girl is innocent." " Innocent!" exclaimed Lady Dinely, " I am sure she is guilty by her blushing." " Blushing!" says Foote, " poh! 'tis only the reflection of your Ladyship's face."

Dr. B—, just after he had finished a treatise on a particular subject, said to Mr. Foote, " I want to publish this treatise of mine, but have already too many irons in the fire; what would you have me do, Sam?" " Do!" replied Foote, " why throw your treatises into the fire with your irons, for d—n me if they are fit for any thing else."

A gentleman was observing, that it was hard that Mr. Wilkes should go unrewarded, after having served a long apprenticeship to patriotism. " True," said another; " but he is now out of his time."

When the celebrated Dr. Stillingfleet preached at court before King Charles the Second, he always read his sermon, though it is well known, that elsewhere he preached extempore. The King, after thanking him one day for his excellent discourse, asked the reason why he made such a distinction between the court and his own parishioners, as to preach to the latter without book, and to read his sermon to the former. " And may it please your Majesty," said the Doctor, " when I am in the royal chapel, I find myself in another world; I have the eyes of your Majesty, and of all the lords and ladies of the court upon me, and it becomes me to weigh every word I utter. And now shall I beg your
Majesty

Majesty to answer me a question ?” “ With all my heart,” said the Monarch. “ Your Majesty’s speeches are very short, and yet you always read them, and never take your eyes off the paper till you have finished : pray tell me your reasons.” Why, my good Doctor,” said the King, “ I never make a speech to my people without asking them for money, and I am ashamed to look them in the face.”

A gentleman being long confined to his bed by a very severe fit of the gout, the sweepers were employed to clean the chimnies of the house next to him, and one of the boys by mistake came down into the gentleman’s apartment. The boy confused at this mistake, seeing the gentleman in bed, said, “ Sir, my master will come presently ” “ Will he, by G— !” says the gentleman, leaping out of bed ; “ I beg to be excused staying here any longer then ”

In the year 1777, after a long report of a victory obtained by Sir W. Howe over the Fabian general Washington ; among the rest of the dispatches, one was said to have come in the *Isis*, that was spoke with at sea : but this ship not coming in according to expectation, Mr. Rigby took occasion to observe to Lord Germaine, that he hoped the news was true, as he had a confirmation of the *Isis* being arrived in the *Thames*. “ Aye !” says my Lord, exulting, “ when and where !” “ Why, my Lord,” answers the other, “ above Oxford.”

Mr. Charles Fox had a room in his house, called the Jerusalem chamber, where the various

ous Jews he employed used to be put. He one day convened a whole synagogue, to communicate a state of his affairs, which he was desirous of settling, and bade them fix a day, which they out of politeness declined, and left it to him. "Well then," says he, "Gentlemen of Judea, let it be on the day of judgment; no, upon second thoughts, that will be rather a day of too much hurry, and so let it be postponed till the day following.

A captain of the navy repeating the following line to Lord Sandwich at the naval review, his Lordship asked a translation.

"Do tibi naumachiam—tu das epigrammata nobis."

My Lord, you give a fight in sham,
A Spithead fight, not worth a damn,
And there, my Lord's, my epigram."

Lord S— asked the same sea-wag, if the general canonading did not put him in mind of hell. "Indeed, my Lord," says he, "I know the country but by tradition, yet I think it like, and your Lordship much resembles the devil in the midst of it."

When the late Lord Northington was alive, he wore the Tyburn bob wigs, and being very lusty, and sweating much, he used often to change them; coming into the house one day, where a female visitor was sitting, he called to the servant, "Bring me what the ladies don't like." "What's that?" says the lady, repeating it several times. "Why, Madam," says
my

my Lord, "if you must know, it is a dry-bob—wig."

When Lord Anson beat the French, in the celebrated battle of the *May-fleet*, Sir P. Dennis commanded the *Centurion*, and after the engagement he took the *Glory* prize in tow, on which the captain of her made this observation, *Monsieur, vous avez gagné la victoire, & la Gloire vous suivie.*"

A little before the late Lord Tyrawley died, he was lamenting to my Lord Chesterfield, that he had not regretted leaving the world at any other period so much as this. "Why so?" says Lord Chesterfield. "Because, my dear Lord," answers Tyrawley, "the new pavement hath made intriguing so easy, and inoculation hath so improved the beauty of the women, that to leave these happy certainties for those distant uncertainties, puzzles the will, and makes me hate the very idea of dying."

A gentleman who was very tall, walking close to the girandole in a drawing-room, his hair was near taking the candle; when a lady observing it, called out, "Sir, you will burn your hair!" To which he replied with great gravity, "I thank you, Madam, your attention has saved me from being light-headed."

When Mossop the tragedian died, his circumstances were in a reduced state, and on examining his breeches, a penny was only found in his pocket. This particular a gentleman was relating with some emotions of distress and pity

to Foote, when the wag replied, " Why, Sir, you can't say then, that he died *pennyless*."

When the club of the *scavoir-vivre* gave a *regatta* at Ranelagh, a temple was erected in the garden in honour of Neptune, with a number of various-coloured streamers hanging from the roof of it. When Foote came in, and saw these pendants, " Oh," says he, " this explains to me the etymology of the word, I find it is *ragg-at-a*."

Mr Wilkes and Churchill were invited by the Earl of Temple to Stow; when they came there, some of the company insinuated, that the dairy maid was one of the greatest beauties of the country. Churchill hearing this, was so impatient to see her, that he left the table before the dinner was over, and returned with his wig pulled all to pieces, and his fat cheeks slapped in such a manner, that they were as red as bull beef. His Lordship knowing the humour of the wench, winked to Churchill not to say any thing, which he readily taking, whispered to Wilkes, that he had seen her, and she would easily comply with his desires, being an amazing fine girl. Wilkes sat very uneasy; at last he rose and hastened to the dairy, and from Churchill's recommendation, he began to be very familiar with her at once; this exasperated the maiden, and she beat poor Wilkes in such a manner, that when he returned to the company, his disheveled locks confessed the engagement he had been in. Though this girl was assailed by every young nobleman who came to Stowe, yet she resisted all

all their bribes and importunities, and at last bore a bastard child to the helper of the stable, who had but one eye and one leg.

A whimsical, funny old fellow used often to rail at the very long pompous epitaphs placed over the bodies of unworthy men; he therefore ordered his grave to be covered with briars and nettles, and only one word marked on the stone by way of epitaph. After he had been buried some years, the briars were dug up to clear the ground, when the stone was discovered, with the word "Snug."

An *Englishman* and an *Irishman* were condemned for Piracy. For that crime they are generally executed near a river. The *Englishman* was to suffer first, but by some accident the rope slipped, and he fell into the water. Being an excellent swimmer, he swam to the other side of the river, and made his escape. The *Irishman*, seeing what had happened, begged of the executioner to tie his rope fast: "For, (says he) if it should chance to slip, I shall certainly lose my life, for I cannot swim."

Charles the second, (after his memorable defeat at Worcester,) was obliged, for some time, to lurk about in disguise. One day he was sheltered from the inclemency of the weather in a house where, to his unspeakable joy, he was allowed not only to warm, but dry himself. The cook-maid was a jolly, and, what is more, fine wench, and Charles, even in his rustic garb, had the address to ingratiate himself with her. Of the consequences of this commerce, fame believes
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the merry monarch, if there are not at this time some illustrious proofs. Be this as it will, after his Majesty had been a few days in the inn, the familiarity between him and his Inamorata was so fully established, that a joint of meat being at the fire on a certain occasion, when the cook happened to be called from her station, the care of the jack was committed to the royal Lothario. But the poor monarch found himself unequal to the task of winding up the jack; never had he seen the operation performed. She flew into a violent passion. 'You lazy lubberly dog (exclaimed she, giving the King a most unmerciful blow) where have you lived all your days, not to be able to wind up a jack?' Such indeed was her anger, that it is moreover reported, his Majesty was never more allowed amorous dalliance with his *quondam* willing fair.

An Irishman wanting to cross the water, asked a waterman, what he would have to carry him to the other side: The man said, "Two-pence." "Arrah, my dear Honey," replied the Irishman, "that I will give you with all my heart." The man rowed him over; and, when they were landed, the Irishman gave him two pence, and asked him, If he was now on the other side of the water? "No, Sir," answered the waterman, "you are on this side the water:" "Then," says the Irishman, "what shall I give you to carry me to the other side?" "Two-pence," replied the waterman. "Arrah now, Honey, and will you be sure to carry me to the other side of the water for that?" said the Irishman. The man assured

assured him he would, and accordingly rowed him back again. Being landed, the Irishman gave him two-pence, and then asked him, if he was sure he was now on the other side of the water? The man replied, "No, Sir, you are on this side the water." "Why then, joy," said the Irishman, "I perceive you are an arrant fool; therefore I'll go to Black-Fryars, and walk over the bridge: for I find there is no getting on the other side of the water, but only by land carriage."

A gentleman talking of his travels, a Lady in company said, she had been a great deal farther, and seen more countries than he. "Nay then, Madam," replied the gentleman, as travellers, we may *lie* together by authority."

Some gentlemen being in company with an Irish person of fortune, in a good humour'd way, laid a dozen of claret, that he would make a bull before he went to bed, and to induce him the more to do it, propos'd that he should mention all the signs of the bull in that town, which he said were seven; as they knew there was but six, they imagin'd they had him at the best; after he had repeated six, he paused and they desired to know where the seventh was, by J—f—s, says he, I had forgot the *red cow*, at the bridge foot; at which with a loud laugh, they said, that's a *bull*, then replied the Irishman, upon my conscience, I've won the wager, for you made it a *bull*, and not me, at all, at all.

A sea captain being just come a-shore, was invited by some gentlemen to a hunting-match. After the sport was over, he gave his friends this particular account of what pastime he had : " Our horses being compleatly rigged, we manned them ; and the wind being at S. W. twenty of us being in company, away we set over the Downs. In the time of half a watch we spied a hare under a full gale. We tacked and stood after her ; coming up close she tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run aground ; but getting close off, I stood after her again : But, as the devil would have it, being just about to lay her a-board, bearing too much wind, I and my horse overfet, and came in keel upwards."

A Welchman seeing his master tearing some letters, " Pray, Sir, give hur one, says he, no matter which, to send to hur friends, for they have not heard from hur a great while."

Beau Nash was one evening employed in collecting money for the Bath hospital. A lady entered, who was more remarkable for her wit than her charity ; and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, and said, " You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket." " Yes, Madam, says he, that I will with pleasure, if your grace will tell me when to stop ;" Then taking an handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat, one, two, three, four, five. " Hold ! hold ! says the Duchess, consider what you are about !"

about!" "Consider your rank and fortune, Madam, says Nash," and continued telling, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Here the Duchess called again, and seem'd angry. "Pray compose yourself, Madam, cried Nash, and don't interrupt the work of charity;" eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. Here the Duchess stormed, and caught hold of his hand. "Peace, Madam, says Nash; you shall have your name written in letters of gold, Madam, and upon the front of the building, Madam;" sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty." "I won't pay a farthing more, says the Duchess." "Charity hides a multitude of sins, replies Nash;" twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five. "Nash, says she, I protest you frighten me out of my wits. L—d, I shall die!" "Madam, you will never die with doing good; and if you do, it will be the better for you, answered Nash," and was about to proceed; but perceiving her Grace had lost all patience, a parley ensued: when he, after much altercation, agreed to stop his hand, and compound with her Grace for thirty guineas. The Duchess, however, seemed displeased the whole evening; and, when he came to the table where she was playing, bid him, "stand farther off, an ugly devil, for she hated the sight of him." But her Grace afterwards having a run of good luck, called Nash to her: "Come, says she, I will be friends with you, though you are a fool; and to let you see I am not angry, there are ten guineas more for your charity."

A countryman going with some friends to Vauxhall, was asked, as they were returning home, how he liked it? He replied, "It is a huge fine place! has many pretty pictures, and a power of glass lights! But what pleased me best of all, was, that the gentlemen and ladies in the gallery," (meaning the orchestra) "were so very obliging as to fiddle and sing, to divert the company."

In Admiral Hawke's last engagement with the French, a sailor on board one of the ships had a leg shot off, whereupon one of his Mess-mates took him down to the surgeon, and at the same time took his leg off the deck, and put it under his arm; he was no sooner brought down, but another of his Mess-mates began, shaking his head, and telling him, he was very sorry he had lost his leg. That's a d—m'd lye, ye son of a b—h, reply'd he, for see here, I have got it under my arm.

A DIVERTING DREAM.

' Methought I saw a town in this island, which
' shall be nameless, invested on every side, and
' the inhabitants of it so straitened as to cry for
' quarter. The General refused any other terms
' than those granted to the German town
' of Hensburg, namely, that the married women
' might come out with what they could bring a-
' long with them. Immediately the city gates
' flew open, and a female procession appeared,
' multitudes of the sex following one another in
' a row, and staggering under their respective
' burdens.

' burdens. I took my stand upon an eminence
 ' in the enemy's camp, which was appointed for
 ' the general rendezvous of these female carriers,
 ' being very desirous to look into their several lad-
 ' ings. The first of them had a huge sack
 ' upon her shoulders, which she set down with
 ' great care: upon the opening of it, when I ex-
 ' pected to have seen her husband shot out of it,
 ' I found it was filled with china-ware. The next
 ' appeared in a most decent figure, carrying a
 ' handsome young fellow upon her back: I could
 ' not forbear commending the young woman for
 ' her conjugal affection, when, to my great sur-
 ' prise, I found that she had left the good man at
 ' home, and brought away her gallant. I saw the
 ' third, at some distance, with a little withered
 ' face peeping over her shoulder, whom I could
 ' not suspect for any but her spouse, until upon
 ' her setting him down I heard her call him dear
 ' pug, and found him to be her favourite monkey.
 ' A fourth brought a huge bale of cards along
 ' with her; and the fifth a Bologna lap-dog; for
 ' her husband, it seems, being a very burly man,
 ' she thought it would be less trouble for her to
 ' bring away little Cupid. The next was the wife
 ' of a rich usurer, loaden with a bag of gold; she
 ' told us that her spouse was very old, and by the
 ' course of nature could not expect to live long;
 ' and that to shew her tender regard for him, she
 ' had saved that which the poor man loved better
 ' than his life. The next came towards us with
 ' her son upon her back, who, we were told, was
 ' the greatest rake in the place, but so much the
 ' mother's

' mother's darling, that she left her husband be-
 ' hind, with a large family of hopeful sons and
 ' daughters, for the sake of this graceless youth.
 ' It would be endless to mention the several
 ' persons, with their several loads, that appeared
 ' to me in this strange vision. All the place a-
 ' bout me was covered with packs of ribbons,
 ' brocades, embroidery, and ten thousand other
 ' materials, sufficient to have furnished a whole
 ' street of toy shops. One of the women, hav-
 ' ing a husband, who was none of the heaviest,
 ' was bringing him off upon her shoulders, at the
 ' same time that she carried a great bundle of
 ' Flanders lace under her arm; but finding her-
 ' self so over-loaden, that she could not save both
 ' of them, she dropped the good man, and
 ' brought away the bundle. In short, I found
 ' but one husband among this great mountain of
 ' baggage, who was a lively cobbler, that kicked
 ' and spurred all the while his wife was carrying
 ' him on; and, as it was said, had scarce passed a
 ' day in his life without giving her the discipline
 ' of the strap'.

Sir Richard Steele, who was an Irishman, be-
 ing asked how it happened, that his countrymen
 were more remarkable for their bulls and blun-
 ders than any other people; answered, he believ-
 ed it was owing to the climate; and that if an
 Englishman was born Ireland, he would do the
 same."

EPITAPH

EPITAPH on a GREYHOUND in Stowe-
Gardens.

To the Memory of
SIGNIOR FIDO,
An Italian of good extraction;
Who came into England,
Not to bite us like most of his countrymen;
But to gain an honest livelihood.
He hunted not after fame,
Yet acquir'd it.
Regardless of the praise of his friends;
But most sensible of their love.
Tho' he liv'd amongst the Great,
He neither learn'd nor flatter'd any vice.
He was no bigot,
Nor doubted of any of the thirty-nine articles:
And, if to follow Nature,
And to respect the laws of society,
Be philosophy,
He was a perfect philosopher;
A faithful friend;
An agreeable companion;
A loving husband;
And, tho' an Italian,
Distinguish'd by a numerous offspring;
All which he liv'd to see take good courses.
In his old age he retired
To the house of a clergyman in the country,
Where he finish'd his earthly race,
And died a worthy example to the whole species.

READER,

This stone is guiltless of flattery;

D

For

For he, to whom it was inscribed,
Was not a Man,
But a
GREY-HOUND.

EPITAPH upon a very Lovely Boy.

BRIGHT as the gems the wealthy orients
boast,
Sweet as the odours of their spicy coast,
A pearly dew-drop, see some flow'r adorn,
And grace with all its pride the rising moon;
But soon, the sun emits a fiercer ray,
And the fair fabric rushes to decay;
Low in the dust the beauteous ruin lies,
While the pure vapour seeks its native skies;
A fate like this, to the sweet youth was giv'n,
Who sparkl'd, bloom'd, and was exhal'd to
heav'n.

On a lady who wore False Hair.

THE golden hair that D——y wears,
Is her's; who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis her's——and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

*On the Countess of Dorchester, Mistress to King
James the Second. Written in 1680. By
the Earl of Dorset.*

TELL me, Dorinda, why so gay,
With such embroid'ry, fringe, and lace?
Can

Can any dresses find a way,
To stop the approaches of decay,
And mend a ruin'd face ?

Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,
And ogle in the ring ?
Can'st thou forget thy age and pox ?
Can all that shines on shells and rocks
Make thee a fine young thing ?

So have I seen in larder dark,
Of veal a lucid loin,
Replete with many a brilliant spark,
(As wise philosophers remark)
At once both stink and shine.

The Old Man, his Son, and his Ass.

ONCE on a Time an honest Clown,
Attended by his only Son,
Along the road together pass.
As they to Market drove their Ass,
A Plowman working by—to jeer
The Couple—thus began ;—I swear,
Here's Schoolmasters ! how great they walk !
Their Scholar, see, before them stalk !
Folks of less Wit than they possess,
Would certainly have rid their Beast.
Piqu'd at the sneering Plowman's Whim,
The *Old Man* takes his Son, so slim,
And set him up.—A Moment after
A Passenger remark'd with Laughter,

That 'twas a Thing, good Sense beside,
 For Men to walk, and Boys to ride.
 So far this Stranger push'd his Jest,
 The Boy was bid to quit the Beast ;
 Up then the jolly *Peasant* got,
 And to the neighb'ring Town they trot,
 'Twas Holiday, and People store
 Were in the Streets, and at each Door ;
 And as the Couple pass'd—they said,
 That swinging Booby must be mad,
 To ride himself—and let his Child,
 With such a dirty road be toil'd.
 To ease his Son, the Man inclin'd,
 Bid him,—on this get up behind.
 Strait from the Boy the People pass,
 To pity next, the bending *Ass* ;
 See ! see ! the Creature pants for Breath !
 These Brutes,—cry they, will be his Death.
 The Bumkin's now at his Wit's End,
 Himself and's Son at once descend :
 Flat on his Back they lay their Foal,
 Tie his four Feet,—and then a Pole
 Pass through,—next on their Shoulders take
 The Load,—and then the Journey make.
 At this the Boors,—a noisy Rout,
 Follow in Crouds—and laugh and shout.
 Th' Old one swell'd,—and as they pass
 A Bridge, he o'er it threw his *Ass* ;
 Choosing to lose the unlucky Beast,
 Rather than be a Village Jest.

“ He who for *gen'ral* Praise shall sue,
 “ Deceives *himself*, and pleases *few*.”

S O N G.

S O N G.

I'M a hearty good fellow, a ruby-nos'd sot,
 Who yet never thought of treason or plot ;
 A good bottle that's mellow's the chief of my
 cares,
 And I guzzle each night till I'm carry'd up
 stairs.

For the tombs of the brave ones, the wealthy
 and wise,
 All the news that they tell us, is, under he lies ;
 'Tis a hint that I like not a trumpery tale,
 So I drown all the thoughts on't in flaggons of
 ale.

They may call me sot, blockhead, or e'en what
 they will ;
 But if wealth, nor if titles, nor wisdom or skill
 Can their owners preserve from a church-yard or
 priest,
 Why I'll live as I like it, all method's a jest.

On the lesson of Nature it is that I think,
 For she taught me to love, and she taught me to
 drink ;
 To my pleasures full power she taught me to
 give,
 And I'll stick to her maxims as long as I live.

I've money good store on't, and spend it I must,
 Be roaring and jolly, but honest and just,

That cold in my coffin, my landlord may say,
He's gone, and he's welcome, there's nothing
to pay.

S O N G.

RAIL no more, ye learned asses,
'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies ;
Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,
Wisdom at the bottom lies ;
Fill them higher still, and higher,
Shallow draughts perplex the brain ;
Sipping quenches all our fire ;
Bumpers light it up again.

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure ;
Enter jollity and joy ;
We for thinking have no leisure,
Manly mirth is our employ :
Since in life there's nothing certain,
We'll the present hour engage ;
And when death shall drop the curtain,
With applause we'll quit the stage.

*Written Extempore by Mr. POPE, upon a Pane of
Glass, with the Earl of CHESTERFIELD's Pen-
cil.*

Accept a miracle, instead of wit ;
See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.

EPIGRAM. *By Lord Chesterfield.*

With Sylvia, said a noble lord,
 Few other girls can vie;
 She never spoke an idle word,
 Nor ever told a lye.

If what is here affirm'd for fact
 Be disbeliev'd by some,
 Tell them, whenever they object,
The harmless thing was dumb.

On the late Lord HERVEY.
By Lord Chesterfield.

As nature Hervey's clay was blending,
 Unknowing where her work might end in;
 Whether a female or a male—
 A pin popp'd in, and turn'd the scale.

*On a Gentleman who expended his Fortune in
 Horse-Racing.*

John run so long, and run so fast,
 No wonder he run out at last;
 He ran in debt, and then to pay
 He distanc'd all—and run away.

*The following is the singular will of Mr. William
Hickington, lately deceased, and which has been
proved in the Deanry-Court of York.*

This is my last will,
I insist on it still,
So sneer on and welcome,
I William Hickington,
Poet of Pocklington,
Do give and bequeathe,
As free as I breathe,
To thee Mary Jaram,
The queen of my haram,
My cash and my cattle,
With every chattle,
To have and to hold,
Come heat and come cold,
Sans hind'rance or strife,
(Tho' thou art *not* my wife)
As witness my hand,
Just here as I stand,
This twelfth of July,
In the year seventy.

W. HICKINGTON.

EPITAPH. *On an honest Sailor.*

Whether sailor or not, for a moment avast !
Poor Tom's mizen top-sail is laid to the mast :
He'll never turn out, nor again heave the lead ;
He's now all a-back, nor with sails shoot a-head :
He

He always was brisk, and though now gone to
wreck,

When he hears the *last whistle*, he'll jump upon
deck.

LOVELY POLLY.

Whilst others sing in plaintive strain,
Some haughty maiden's cold disdain,
While jealous pangs the bosom tear,
Of disappointment and despair :
Let me, unus'd to these alarms,
Adorn my song with Polly's charms :
O ! may the fair reward the toil,
And pay her poet with a smile.

Behold the charmer cross the green,
Behold ye swains the rural queen !
'Tho' nymphs divine your hearts intral,
Confess that she eclipses all.
Yet not of brighter beauty vain,
She strives to give our bosoms pain :
Let brisk coquets forego their airs,

: And by her conduct model theirs,
Indiff'rent she to pomp and dress,
(A miracle, ye fair, confess !)
Simplicity, devoid of art,
Adorn the nymph in ev'ry part,
No female follies stain her mind,
No whims inconstant as the wind,
No sullen pouting fits are seen,
No indications of the spleen.

Her tongue but seldom glence breaks,
 And then no venom'd scandal speaks,
 No murder'd reputation bleeds,
 Whilst on the banquet envy feeds.
 'These are my Polly's matchless charms,
 Whose smile the proudest heart disarms :
 Nor think, ye swains, a falsehood told—
 For Polly—is *but six months old.*

E P I G R A M.

Like Alexander, Celia spends her pow'r,
 Like him she makes the *vassal world adore* :
 But ah ! like him, to soothe a proud desire,
 First conquers towns, then sets those *towns on fire,*

On MAN. By Lord Chesterfield.

Man's a poor deluded bubble,
 Wandring in a mist of lies,
 Seeing false or seeing double,
 Who would trust to such weak eyes ?
 Yet presuming on his senses,
 On he goes most wond'rous wise,
 Doubts of truth, believes pretences,
 Lost in error, lives and dies.

E P I G R A M.

Nature's chief gifts unequally are carv'd,
 She surfeits some, while many more are starv'd ;
 Her bread, her wine, her gold, and what before
 Was common good, is now made private store :
 Nothing

Nothing that's good we have among us common;
But all enjoy that *common ill*—a woman.

An Æ N I G M A.

Two things that Heav'n for blessings meant
To mortals here below ;
Have prov'd ere since they first were sent,
The source of all our woe.

But mark the fickle state of man,
These things that so annoy,
Have prov'd ere since the world began,
The source of all our joy.

Solution of the above Ænigma.

The things which heav'n for blessings meant
To mankind here below ;
Indeed have prov'd, since they were sent,
The source of mortal woe.

Yet *love* and *beauty* sure are these,
Which Adam did annoy ;
Yet what like them the mind can please,
And prove the source of joy ?

An Ængimatical Garden of Flowers.

1. A great city, and what few churches are without.
2. The produce of bees, and our first way of feeding.

D 6

3. The

3. The metropolis of England, and a great vice.
4. A woman's name, and a precious metal.
5. Two sixths of a riot, and part of the face.
6. A cold meteor, and a small liquid substance.
7. A prickly shrub, and a large tree.
8. A triumphant vehicle, and what a king governs.
9. A summer month and a gardener's pride.
10. What anger occasions, and what all bakers use.
11. The father of David, and where metals grow.
12. A bright luminary, and what grows in a garden.
13. Sour's opposite, and the governor of the Turks.
14. To have no end, and a metal.
15. A bird, and what horsemen use.
16. A colour.
17. A planet, and what all ladies use.
18. A precious metal, half of the word *then*, and what Moses used.
19. The contrary to bitter, and the name of a man.

Solution of the Garden of Flowers.

1. Canterbury-bells,
2. Honey Suckle,
3. London Pride,
4. Marygold,
5. Tulip,
6. Snowdrop,
7. Holly.

7. Hollyoak,
8. Carnation,
9. Julyflower,
10. Passionflower,
11. Jessamine,
12. Sun flower,
13. Sweet Sultan,
14. Ever-green Silverfirs,
15. Lark-spurs,
16. Pink,
17. Venus's Looking-glass,
18. Golden Rod,
19. Sweet William.

An IRISH LOVE-LETTER.

Arrah, my honey, my dear, and my jewel,
 I love you far better than nothing at all ;
 If ye resolve to remain always cruel,
 By Patrick, I'm sure it will cost me a fall.
 Then take me, my sweet one, into your good
 graces ;
 Be after consenting, I'll call you my wife :
 I'll make you a lady, to wear silk and laces,
 And ride in a chair all the days of your life.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1 **W**HY is a pack of cards like Newgate ?
 Because it has knaves in it.
- 2 Why is swearing like an old coat ?
 Because it is a bad habit.

3 Why

- 3 Why is a fortunate man like a straw in the water ?
Because he goes on swimmingly.
- 4 Why is a cunning man like a shoe maker ?
Because he'll pump you.
- 5 Why is a married woman like a bear in the street ?
Because she's ring'd.
- 6 Why is a sedan like the world ?
Because it is between two Poles.
- 7 Why is a man with a bad memory like a covetous man ?
Because he is for-getting.
- 8 Why is a sword-belt like a cow upon a common ?
Because it goes round the waste.
- 9 Why are lamps like the Thames ?
Because they have lighters.
- 10 Why is a pen like a beau ?
Because it is feather-headed.
- 11 Why is the playhouse like a punch-bowl ?
Because it is best when full.
- 12 Why is an apron like peas ?
Because it is gathered.
- 13 Why is a fish hook like a bull ?
Because it is sometimes baited.
- 14 Why is a buttock of beef like a traitor ?
Because it goes to pot.
- 15 Why is an eye lid like a wadding to a gun ?
Because it covers the ball.
- 16 Why is an ale house the best comfort to a disappointed man ?
Because there he'll be sure to carry his point.
- 17 Why

- 17 Why is an honest friend like orange chips?
Because he's candid.
- 18 Why is a little man like a good book?
Because he is often looked over.
- 19 Why is a smith a dangerous companion?
Because he deals in forgery.
- 20 Why are coals like a poor labouring man?
Because they feed the grate.
- 21 Why is a pick-pocket like a bridegroom?
Because he's generally transported.
- 22 Why is a peruke-maker like a bird-catcher?
Because he has variety of cauls.
- 23 Why is a candle like a tobacconist?
Because it makes snuff.
- 24 Why is Ireland like a bottle of wine?
Because it has a cork in it.
- 25 Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot?
Because it is out of the head.
- 26 Why is a surly dog like a sharper?
Because he bites.
- 27 Why is a man's toes like an ironmonger's
shop?
Because they have nails in them.
- 28 Why is a book like a fruit-tree in spring?
Because it is full of leaves.
- 29 Why is a red-hair'd lady like a band of sol-
diers?
Because she bears fire-locks.
- 30 Why is a man on horseback like a fan?
Because he is mounted.
- 31 Why is a barrel of beer, almost drawn out,
like a country waggon?
Because it is tilted.

32 Why is a good cook like a woman of fashion ?

Because she dresses well.

33 Why is a woman's tongue like a good clock ?

Because it never stands still.

34 Why is a watchmaker like a gardener ?

Because he sets time.

35 Why is Wales like a neck of mutton ?

Because 'tis craggy.

36 Why are weather-cocks like the sea ?

Because they wave.

37 Why are jest-books like being tickled ?

Because they make us laugh.

38 Why is a dancing-master like a cook ?

Because he cuts capers.

39 Why is the Pope like a pepper-box ?

Because he is holy.

40 Why is a smart girl like a nobleman ?

Because she is laced.

41 Why is a complaisant man like a tree ?

Because he is full of bows.

42 Why are shoes like men of knowledge ?

Because they are great understanders.

43 When is a woman in haste to curl her hair ?

When she wants to go out straight.

The WORLD.

THIS world is the best that we live in,
To lend and to spend and to give in ;
But to borrow or beg, or get a man's own,
It is the worst world that ever was known.

BEAU-

BEAUTIFUL NEW RIDDLES.

1 **T**'HO' very strange, 'tis very true,
What I shall now relate ;
I am in number only two,
And yet I'm *forty eight*.

2 **M**Y face resembles all mankind,
I'm ever *blind* when *with* the blind ;
When I'm approach'd by ladies fair,
I'm just as *handsome*, I declare :
And when an ugly girl I view,
By *Jove* I'm just as *ugly* too.

3 **B**Y my assistance merchants speak,
Tho' many seas asunder,
And yet I'm dumb, and soft and weak,
And is not that a wonder ?

4 **I**'M never very large in size,
And yet with wonders I surprize ;
For who wou'd think that I cou'd keep
My master's house when he's asleep ?
I introduce my friend, and when
He please, he may return again :
Can shew him all my master's store,
O'er all his treasure I've a pow'r.
Now tell me what my name may be ?
I keep my master's stock, and he keeps me.

5 **T**HE sun shines clear, serene the golden
sky
Where'er you go, or run, as fast as I ;

With

With your bright day, my progress too does
end,

See here, vain man, the picture of thy friend.

ANSWERS to the RIDDLES.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------|
| 1 Two shillings, | 3 A pen, |
| which is 4 ^h half. | 4 A key. |
| 2 A Looking glass. | 5 The shadow. |

A Declaration of Love.

You I love, nor think I joke,
More than Ivy does the Oak;
More than Fishes do the Floods;
More than Savage Beasts the Woods;
More than Merchants do their Gain;
More than Misers to complain:
More than Widows do their Weeds;
More than Friars do their Beads;
More than *Cynthia* to be prais'd;
More than Courtiers to be rais'd;
More than Brides the Wedding Night;
More than Soldiers do a Fight;
More than Lawyers do the Bar;
More than Prentice Boys a fair;
More than Topers t'other Bottle;
More than Women Tittle-tattle;
More than Rakes a willing Lady;
More than *Nancy* does her Baby;
More than Jailors do a Fee;
More than all things I love thee.

The

The NUMSCULL.

You beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come;
 Knock as you please, there's Nobody at Home.

CHLOE's Continence. By Mr. WALSH.

Chloe now marry'd, looks on Man no more,
 Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

R E B U S S E S.

I.

A furious beast, whose voice with terror reigns,
 A nightly bird that wakes the silent plains,
 The cruel tyrant that set Rome on flames,
 A goddess chaste that ev'ry grove proclaims,
 A river that o'erflows its plashy sides,
 The god that o'er the foaming sea presides,
 Th' initials of these, if you but place aright,
 A city fam'd for wealth will bring to light.

II.

The letter oft'nest in these lines repeat,
 What God can't do tho' he's so high and great,
 Together makes a city's name compleat.

III.

Add to the greatest and the best of men,
 That e'er on this terraqueous globe was seen,
 The place in which most nations God adore,
 And you'll the name of a large town explore.

SOLU.

SOLUTIONS of the REBUSES.

I.

The lion fierce, whose voice with terror reigns ;
 The nightly owl that wakes the silent plains ;
 The cruel Nero that set Rome on flames ;
 Diana chaste that ev'ry grove proclaims ;
 The Nile that oft o'erflows its plashy sides ;
 Oceanus that o'er the sea presides.
 The initials of these, if you place them aright,
 Will, in capitals, LONDON present to your
 fight.

II.

Your Rebus, my dear friend, I've perus'd,
 And am certain it was not in vain,
 For E's oft'nest us'd, and th' Almighty can't lye,
 So 'tis Old Ely city you mean.

III.

Christ took the manhood, the best of men be-
 came;
 CHURCH is a place where nations worship him.

*The following lines are on a small Cottage, in the
 rustic taste, built by the late — Powes, Esq ; on a
 Grove by the river Severn, about a mile from
 Little Walcot, in the County of Salop.*

STAY, passenger ! and tho' within
 Nor gold nor glittering gems are seen,
 To strike the dazzled eye;

Yet

Yet enter, and thy ravish'd mind
Beneath this humble roof shall find,
What gold will never buy.

Within this solitary cell
Calm thought and sweet contentment dwell,
Parents of bliss sincere ;
Peace spreads around his balmy wings,
And banish'd from the courts of kings,
Has fix'd his mansion here.

An EPITAPH in a country Church-yard.

NOT born, not dead, not christen'd, not be-
got,
Lo ! here she lies that was, and that was not ;
She was born, baptiz'd, is dead, and what is more,
Was in her life not honest, nor a whore.

Reader, behold a wonder ready wrote ;
And while thou seem'st to read, thou readeſt not.

P L U M B - P U D D I N G .

A F A B L E .

TWO Boys at Christmas-dinner plac'd,
The board, a large Plumb-Pudding grac'd ;
Their plates well heap'd they glad survey,
But each indulg'd a different way :
Jack, who was greedy of the plumbs,
First pick'd them out, then lick'd his thumbs ;
He

He eat, and said—" 'Twas special Good ;"
 His plumbs devour'd—The remnant food
 Quite plain, now proved a worthless store ;
 He tasted, but could eat no more ;
 The sweets had spoil'd his relish quite,
 Pudding unplumb'd gives no delight ;
 And to acquire more plumbs unable,
 Hungry, he crying left the table.

With much more caution Dick proceeds,
 And on the plumbless portion feeds ;
 His feast determin'd to conclude
 With plumbs, that rich delicious food ;
 But when the plain was swallow'd, Dick
 Had eat so much, he was quite sick ;
 His appetite, alas, was flown,
 And ev'n for plumbs his relish gone :
 Like *Tantalus* he view'd his store,—
 And cry'd—for he could hold no more ;
 And what he'd sav'd with miser care,
 A better appetite must heir.

He who his plumbs unmix'd destroys,
 Will soon regret his short-liv'd joys ;
 While he who keeps 'em for the last,
 Too late will mourn a blunted taste :
 Then let us take the plain with sweet,
 And like good boys our pudding eat,
 Just as 'tis cut us from above,
 Nor prodigals or misers prove.

THE

The W A G E R.

Tom Trotter last Christmas most bitterly swore,
 That he would be married by May or before :
 However, a wager we laid on't, in fine,
 Of two turkey cocks and a bottle of wine.
 A fortnight ago I chanc'd to see Tom,
 I ask'd him if marry'd, he sigh'd with a hum :
 What Tom is it so ? I find then I've lost,
 Aye ! faintly says he, and I've won to my cost ;
 A terrible shrew of a wife I've to handle,
 It was but last night in my face went the candle,
 She's scolding for ever, no tongue can express,
 She makes the room echo, like football, no
 peace ;
 Now and then, nay 'tis often, my head she will
 comb
 In a terrible manner :---thus suffers poor Tom.
 She all company keeps, goes out when she will,
 Unconstant and giddy as Collinet's mill.
 She'll be out of the way, come and see me to-
 morrow :
 I wish I had lost : but I've won to my sorrow.

A L E X A N D E R *the* G R E A T.

AS *Alexander*, (all the World subdu'd)
 Amid a throng of circling Courtiers stood,
 " In me, he cry'd, Great *Ammon*'s offspring view,
 " To mighty Jove my Origin is due ;

" Let

" Let favour'd Monarchs swell young *Ammon's*
Train,

" My Father's Viceroy, God-like, here I reign ;

" Whate'er I will's the Will of mighty *Jove* ;

" On Earth I rule, as he commands above."

He spoke :—Adoring Courtiers prostrate lay,
When a poor *Crow*, whom Chance had brought
that Way,

As high in Air, he o'er the Monarch sped,
Croak'd loud Disdain, and *sb—t* upon his Head.

THE WITHERING ROSE.

[*The last Piece written by the late ingenious and
lamented Mr. JOHN CUNNINGHAM.*]

SWEET object of the zephyr's kiss,
Come Rose—come, courted to my bower ;
Queen of the banks ! the garden's bliss !
Come and abash yon tawdry flower.

Why call us to revokeless doom ?
With grief the opening buds reply ;
Not suffered to extend our bloom,
Scarce born, alas ! before we die.

Man, having pass'd appointed years——
Ours are but days—the scene must close ;
And when Fate's messenger appears,
What is he but a withering Rose ?

FINIS.



